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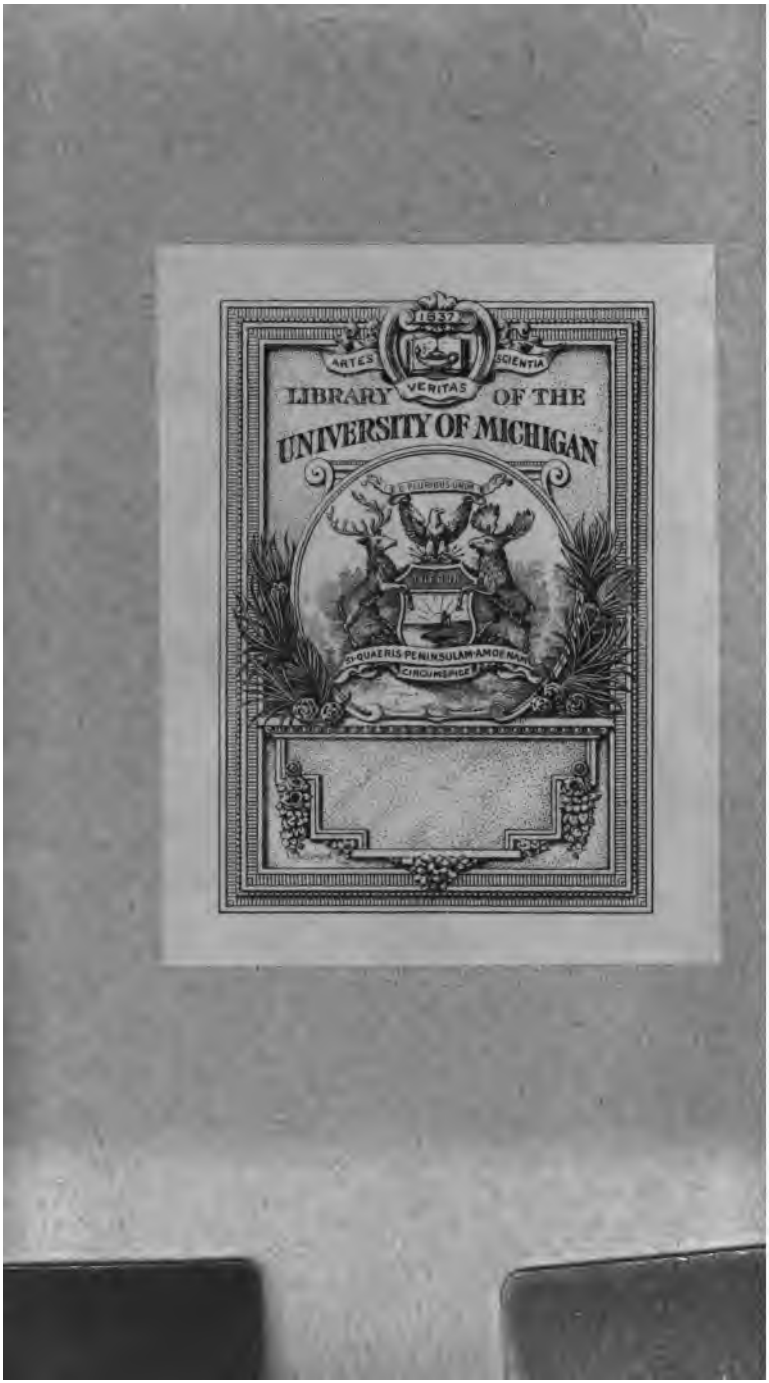
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WORD FOR WORD FROM HORACE.

WORD FOR WORD FROM

HORACE

THE ODES

LITERALLY VERSIFIED

BY

WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, C. B.

AUTHOR OF A TREATISE 'ON LABOUR'

LONDON

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1878

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3842

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

ROBERT MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

THIS VERSION OF

THE ODES OF HORACE

IS

BY PERMISSION

AND WITH SINCERE RESPECT

INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

If one novelty more than another may fairly be required to show cause for its existence, it is an addition to the already formidable heap of translations from Horace.

Dining in hall, about twenty years ago, at Trinity College, Cambridge, I had the pleasure of sitting next to a fellow of the college, reputed to be one of the best classics in the University, who, in the course of conversation, mentioned that he had just received a copy of a new translation of the Odes, but that he had not yet cut the leaves, and rather shrank from doing so, because he knew that really to translate Horace was impossible. Few people are insensible to the charm lurking in the word *impossible*, and most will therefore readily understand how it was that, as soon as I got home, I took down Horace from its shelf, and set to work upon 'Beatus ille.' The result I showed to that accomplished scholar and fastidious critic, the late Mr. Herman Merivale, who, though never

very lavish of praise, spoke benignly enough of my first attempt to encourage me to repeat it: so, before very long I had 'done into English' a dozen or so of the finest Odes. Then, having for a while satisfied the sentiment, and failing to discover a Magazine-Editor good-natured enough to print any of my versions, I laid them all by, and scarcely looked at them again until last spring, when, being confined to the house for a fortnight by indisposition which disabled me from severer labour, I again betook myself to Horace, and occupied myself with him, until the dozen of Englished Odes had grown into a score. By that time, what had at first been somewhat of a task had become a pleasant pastime, and after that a day seldom passed without my translating a few lines, until at last all the Odes were finished, and also as many of the Epodes—some of which would be unpresentable in a closely-fitting English dress—as I myself greatly care for.

To describe, however, how this little volume came into being may scarcely suffice: something also must be said in excuse of its publication. Now, however great the merit of several preceding translators—and no one can appreciate more highly than I do the labours of Mr. Theodore Martin, Mr. Conington, and the late Lord Lytton—they one and all seem to me to have left much to be desired in regard to fidelity, and it is on the extent to which I may have supplied their deficiencies in that particular that I would venture to rest my claim to notice. As my title-page intimates, I have aimed at rendering the

original text 'word for word,' and though I am far from imagining that I have always succeeded, I do not much hesitate to ask the reader to judge for himself—as with both Latin and English side by side before him he readily may—whether I have not succeeded pretty nearly as often as I have failed, and whether any of my failures are altogether decisive. In two cases—those of Odes 22 of Book I and 27 of Book III—where peculiarly intractable measures have been adopted, I have, I fear, somewhat palpably interpolated; but in general, irrespectively of course of expletives and auxiliaries, almost every Latin word will, I think, be found to have its English, and almost every English word its Latin equivalent on the opposite page.

But in order to be completely satisfactory, a translation of Horace should reproduce Horace's metres as well as his language, and this is a point to which I did not at first sufficiently advert. Moreover, when I did attend to it, I found myself confronted by difficulties for the most part absolutely insuperable. The metres oftenest employed by Horace are the Alcaic and the Sapphic, but although, as Mr. Tennyson has proved by experiment, pure and melodious Alcaics may be constructed with English materials, yet even the genius of a Tennyson might have been at fault if, instead of being unfettered in his choice of subject, and instead of having the whole vocabulary of our language at his disposal, he had been rigorously restricted to the English synonymes of the few words actually employed by Horace, and required therewith to express Horace's

meaning in Alcaic verse. At any rate, in my own single experiment of the kind, I could not satisfy myself with more than the first quatrain, and gave up the thing in despair in the middle of the second. Sapphics are a good deal more manageable, and in several cases I have rendered those of Horace into verses of a structure not, I think, differing more from his than his do from those of his own Greek models, nor ever, I hope, ceasing to be strictly rhythmical even when least conforming to ancient orthodox rhythm. But of the remaining Horatian metres, seventeen in number, I question whether there is one reproducible in English without a fatal sacrifice of music, and the most that I have attempted in regard either to these or to the Alcaics is to use lines of the same or nearly the same length as those of which they are composed. In some cases I have allowed myself still more license, though I have always, I hope, been sufficiently heedful that the form of verse adopted should accord with the spirit of the original. In two instances, those of Odes 4 and 14 of the fourth Book, I have tried the *terza rima* of the Italian poets.

When in doubt as to either the right reading or the right interpretation, I have generally been guided by Mr. Macleane, to whose truly admirable edition of Horace I cannot too gratefully acknowledge my obligations, and whom I must also beg to pardon the freedom with which I have pillaged his materials when compiling my own brief explanatory notes.

There is another robbery which I should like, but shall not venture, to commit. It is usual for translators of Horace to commence with a dissertation more or less elaborate on the character of their author and of his works, but I am too conscious of being in literary matters nothing if not uncritical to think of following their example by inserting here any lucubrations of my own. I certainly should have liked, however, if such a liberty were warrantable, to transcribe the greater part of two papers on Horace's 'Two Philosophies' and Horace's 'Art of Conduct,' by an anonymous contributor to the Cornhill Magazine for July 1875, and July 1876. I have nowhere else met with anything on the same subject which is to my mind so acute, so original, or so just; and if any one should by this brief reference to those brilliant essays be induced either to read them for the first time, or having already read them, to read them again, the pleasure which he will derive from the perusal may help to put him in a good humour with me for recommending them, and so incline him to proceed without preconceived disfavour to the remaining fare set before him.

7 CADOGAN PLACE,
Dec. 1877.

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THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

I have ventured to treat 'Terrarum dominos' in the sixth line as agreeing not with 'Deos' in the same line, but with 'quos' in the third. This is not the usual construction, but it is one which the words will perfectly well bear, and which, I think, gives ther additional significance. Mr. Macleane thinks it probable that the first three books of Odes were published together, with this as a preface, and, at the same time, graceful dedication to Maecenas of a work consisting of fugitive pieces the composition of which had occupied and amused the poet at intervals for some years, and which he may probably have put forth in a collected form at his patron's instigation.

MAECENAS, offspring of ancestral kings,
O thou my cherished ornament and trust!
Some men there are, to whom delight it brings
To gather round their car Olympian dust;
Whom, goal by hot wheel cleared, and palmy prize
Uplift, as lords of earth, unto the skies.
This, if a mob of fickle burghers strive
That he to tripled dignity may soar:
That, if within his granary he hive
Whate'er is swept from Libyan threshingfloor:
Or one, whose pleasure is in furrowing
His patrimonial acres, never thou
Wilt, with Attalic proffers, trembling, bring,
Myrtoan sea, to cleave with Cyprian prow.
The merchant, fearing when the south-west wind
Buffets Icarian waves, no praise omits
Of village life;—yet, ill to want resigned,
He, presently, his shattered barks refits.
There are, who goblets of old Massic wine
Scorn not; nor, for a while from business fled,

Navis, quae tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem precor,
Et serves animae dimidium meae
Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem t
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus: nec timuit praecipitem
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem
Quo non arbiter Adriae
Major, tollere seu ponere vult fi
Quem Mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natant
Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiae
Non tangenda rates transiliunt v
Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum r
Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intı
Post ignem aetheria domo
Subductum, macies et nova febr
Terris incubuit cohors;
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra

Essayed with wings to man not given:
By toil Herculean, Acheron was riven.
For mortals nothing is too high:
At heaven itself aims our insanity.
Our sinfulness will not permit
That Jove his wrathful levin intermit.

Written in early Spring.

At Spring and Zephyr's glad return, keen winter melts away;
On sledges, barks are launched, that dry upon the shingle lay;
And neither does the flock its stall, nor ploughman love the fire,
Nor longer does the hoary rime the whitened fields attire:
But Cytherean Venus now leads forth her choral band,
And (the moon hanging o'er them) Nymphs and Graces, hand in hand,
In comely union, strike the earth, with alternating feet,
While the Cyclopes' smithy huge burns with Vulcanian heat.
Meet is it now that glistening brow should be with myrtle bound
Or with the flower by vernal power raised from the loosened ground.

Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus ardui est.
Caelum ipsum petimus stultitiâ: neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

IV. AD SESTIUM.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni:
Trahuntque siccas machinae carinas:
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni;
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Luna,
Junctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede; dum graves Cyclopum
Volcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,
Aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae.

To Faunus, now, to sacrifice, is meet in shady grove,
Whether an ewe lamb he demand, or ram kid more approve.
With foot impartial, pallid Death, knocks at the pauper's cot
And monarch's tower; the sum, so brief, of life permits thee not,
O favoured Sestius, to begin a far extending hope.
The storied Manes are at hand, and night's funereal cope
And Pluto's narrow domicile, where, after entering,
No more shall it be thine to throw the dice for festal king
Or gaze on tender Lycidas, whom, now, all youths admire
And for whom maidens, too, ere long, shall warm with kindling fire.

'We have no clue to the origin of this poem, which expresses a lover's jealousy under pretence of his being glad of escape from the toils of an inconstant mistress. That Pyrrha was a freedwoman of exquisite beauty but loose character, and one of Horace's earlier loves, is all imagination.' (Macleane.) I do not of course offer 'in thy neat toilet' as a literal translation of 'simplex munditiis,' but the spirit, if not the words, of the original is, I think, better rendered than it would be by 'in simple neatness.' I have not been able to devise any version of line 9 which would satisfactorily render 'aurea.' The best I can think of is 'Who deems thee golden, fondling thee' or 'Who deems thee golden, fondling thee

> PYRRHA, what slender youth, bedewed
> With liquid fragrance, t'ward thée presses
> In pleasant grot, with roses strewed?
> For whom, at thy neat toilet wooed,
> Dost thou bind up thy golden tresses

Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agnam, sive malit haedum.
Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulaeque Manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia: quo simul meâris,
Nec regna vini sortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet juventus
Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

V. AD PYRRHAM.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? Heu, quoties fidem

Alas! how oftentimes will he,
Who, full of trust, now fondles thee,
And, dreaming not of treacherous wind,
Pictures thee ever fair and kind,—
How often will he mourn at last
Thine and the gods' inconstancy!
How, unaccustomed, stare aghast
Upon a dark, storm-roughened sea!
Woe will abide
With them on whom thou shin'st untried!
But that to ocean's sovereign
I have hung up my dripping dress,
My tablet in his holy fane,
My votive tablet witnesses.

Horace may here be supposed to have been asked to write an
the exploits of Agrippa, and to have gracefully declined
ground that such a subject required rather an epic for its a
treatment, and would therefore better suit the genius of Va

THY gallantry and victories shall Varius rehearse,
Winged minstrel, rivalling the flights of old Mae
verse,
With whatsoe'er thy fiery troops have, under th
mand,
On ship-board or on horse-back performed by se

But I, Agrippa, I to speak of such achievem
Not mine to sing the baleful wrath of Peleus' st
Nor of the wanderings of astute Ulysses o
Nor of the sanguinary house of the Pelo

Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius aurae
Fallacis! Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

VI. AD AGRIPPAM.

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor, Maeonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cunque ferox navibus aut equis
Miles te duce gesserit.

Nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere, nec gravem
Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii,
Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei,
Nec saevam Pelopis domum,

Mean bard, I try not lofty themes, while diffide
forbids,
As does withal the Muse who o'er the peaceful l
presides,
That from illustrious Caesar's, or from thy praises,
Should through defect of genius rub off the brillian

Who is there can, in fitting terms, the adamantine di
Wherewithal Mars is clothed, describe? or who Merioi
Blackened with Trojan dust? or who Tydidean Dion
An equal match for gods supreme by help of Pallas ma

Convivial carouses, I, and those engagements sing
Where angry girls—though with pared nails—with b
are combating;
These do I sing, alike when set from amorous ferve
free,
And when rekindling with my own habitual levity.

There were two Munatii Planci, father and son, but as it is c
uncertain to which of them this ode was addressed, there v
be little use in giving here biographical particulars of either.

Others shall celebrated Rhodes or Mitylene prai
Or Ephesus, or Corinth walled, and flanked by its tw
Or Thebes which Bacchus makes renowned, o
which Apollo;
And in Thessalian Tempe's praise may likew
follow.

Conamur, tenues grandia: dum pudor,
Imbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat
Laudes egregii Caesaris, et tuas
Culpa deterere ingeni.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionem? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem?

Nos convivia, nos proelia virginum
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium,
Cantamus: vacui, sive quid urimur,
Non praeter solitum leves.

VII. AD MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon, aut Mytilenen,
Aut Epheson bimarisve Corinthi
Moenia, vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.

There are whose one employment 'tis to celebrate the city
Of Pallas the immaculate with never-ending ditty,
And first of leaves culled anywhere, to rank the olive leaf.
In Juno's honour yet again are many who, in chief
Extol Mycenae opulent, or Argos rich in horse.
Me patient Lacedaemon struck not with so much of force,
Nor did Larissa's fertile plain so much my fancy take,
As does my residence beside Albunea's plashing lake,
And beside headlong Anio, and the Tiburtian grove,
And apple orchards wet with rills that through the furrows rove.
As oftentimes the clear south wind sweeps from the darkened sky
The misty clouds, and storms of rain breeds not perpetually,
E'en so to wisely put an end in bowls of mellow wine
To doleful thoughts and cares of life, be not thou, Plancus mine,
Ever forgetful, whether thou within the camp abide,
Where standards glisten, or amidst the thickset shades reside
Of thine own Tibur. Teucer, when from Salamis he fle
And from his father Telamon, still not the less, 'tis sa
With coronet of poplar leaves his wine-bathed tem bound,
And thus addressed the saddened friends that still him he found:
'O comrades and associates, go will we wheresoe'
Fortune, than parent kindlier, our devious course steer,

Sunt quibus unum opus est, intactae Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
Undique decerptam fronti praeponere olivam.
Plurimus, in Junonis honorem,
Aptum dicet equis Argos, ditesque Mycenas.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon,
Nec tam Larissae percussit campus opimae,
Quam domus Albuneae resonantis,
Et praeceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
Saepe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos: sic tu sapiens finire memento
Tristitiam vitaeque labores
Molli, Plance, mero: seu te fulgentia signis
Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
Cùm fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona;
Sic tristes affatus amicos:
Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente,
Ibimus, ô socii comitesque:

With Teucer augur, Teucer guide, despair ye not of aught,
For thus with steadfast promise 'twas unerring Phoebus taught:
A new-found island shall become a rival Salamis.
O gallant heroes, who with me have harder things than this
Ofttimes endured, with generous wine dispel your sorrows now:
To-morrow yet again will we far-stretching ocean plough.'

Commentators have vainly endeavoured to guess what particular youth is here represented under the name of Sybaris. No doubt there were plenty at Rome in Horace's time whom the cap offered by him would have very well fitted.

SAY, Lydia, pr'ythee, why 'tis
Your love to ruin hurries Sybaris!
Patient of dust and sun,
Wherefore does he the sultry drill-ground shun?
Wherefore, in martial guise,
Rides he not with his peers, nor jagged bit tries
On Gallic mouths? Why fears
To bathe in yellow Tiber? Why appears
More heedful to elude
The athlete's unguent than the viper's blood?
Why does he never now
Arms, black and blue by wearing armour, show?—

Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro:
Certus enim promisit Apollo,
Ambiguam tellure novâ Salamina futuram.
O fortes, pejoraque passi
Mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.

VIII. AD LYDIAM.

Lydia, dic, per omnes
Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properas amando
Perdere; cur apricum
Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis?
Cur neque militaris
Inter aequales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frenis?
Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? Cur olivum
Sanguine viperino
Cautius vitat? neque jam livida gestat armis

He, once full oft renowned
For quoit or dart despatched beyond the bound!
Why hides he, as they say
Did marine Thetis' son near Troy's sad day
Of doom, whom male attire
Would force on Lycian hosts and carnage dire?

An adaptation of a drinking song by Alcaeus, a fragment of which has been preserved by Athenaeus.

SEEST thou how whitened with deep-lying snow
Soracte stands? and how the forests bow,
Straining beneath the weight? and how the force
Of piercing frost stays rivers in their course?
Heap logs upon the fire, to thaw the cold;
Heap freely; and of wine, the four-year old,
Be liberal, O Thaliarch, and produce
A two-eared Sabine flagon of the juice.
The rest leave to the gods, at whose decree
The winds that battled with the foaming sea
Were at the instant hushed, and motionless
Are the old ash-trees now, and cypresses.
From asking what to-morrow brings, refrain;
What day soe'er thy lot may give, as gain
Account; and look not, boy, askance
On sweet amours, nor on the circling dance.
As long as from thy strength morose old age
Still stands aloof, in martial sports engage,

Brachia, saepe disco,
Saepe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?
Quid latet, ut marinae
Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Trojae
Funera, ne virilis
Cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

IX. AD THALIARCHUM.

VIDES, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvae laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?
Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque benignius
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.
Permitte divis cetera: qui simul
Stravere ventos aequore fervido
Deproeliantes, nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.
Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere: et
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et areae,

And let soft whispers, oftentimes, at night
In the still hours, thy whisperings requite,
When welcome laughter from her inner lair
Has told thee of the hoyden hiding there,
And fondling arms of love-pledge are divested
From fingers, that but feign to hold it, wrested.

This also is supposed to be an imitation of a poem of Alcaeus.

MERCURY, grandson eloquent of Atlas,
Who the rude ways didst of mankind primeval
Skilfully form, instructing them in speech and
Graces palaestric;

Thee will I sing, of mighty Jove the legate,
And of all gods; thee the curved lyre's inventor,
Cunning to hide whatsoe'er take thy fancy,
Sportively stealing.

Thee, a boy yet, while harsh in tone he threatened,
Shouldest thou not bring back his stolen oxen,
Robbed of his quiver also, into laughter
Softened Apollo.

'Twas with thee guiding him that wealthy Priam
Fleeing from Troy, the haughty sons of Atreus
Duped, and the Phthian watch, and foes encamped rour
Ilium's rampart.

Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora;
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellae risus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacertis,
Aut digito male pertinaci.

X. AD MERCURIUM.

MERCURI, facunde nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentúm
Voce formâsti catus, et decorae
More palaestrae:

Te canam, magni Jovis et deorum
Nuntium, curvaeque lyrae parentem;
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocoso
Condere furto.

Te boves olim nisi reddidisses
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetrā
Risit Apollo.

Quin et Atridas, duce te, superbos,
Ilio dives Priamus relicto,
Thessalosque ignes, et iniqua Trojae
Castra fefellit.

Thou in their mansions of delight installest
Pious men's souls, the airy throng directing
With thy gold wand—approved by Gods supernal
And by infernal.

Fortune-telling would seem to have been much in vogue at Rome in Horace's time, and Chaldeans its chief professors.

Don't ask ('tis forbidden to know) what will be
The bound set by the gods, or for you, or for me,
Nor yet, my Leuconoë, try to explore
Babylonian cyphers: for, trust me, there 's more
Of sense shown in bearing whate'er may betide,
Whether many more winters Jove yet may provide,
Or this—which on barriers of pumice has cast
The broken Tyrrhenian sea—be our last.
Be wise, rack your wine, and from life's narrow scope
Cut away the delusion of far-reaching hope.
E'en now, while we speak, spiteful time slips away:
Don't believe in the future, lay hold on to-day.

Tu pias laetis animas reponis
Sedibus, virgaque levem coërces
Aurea turbam, superis deorum
Gratus, et imis.

XI. AD LEUCONOEN.

Tu ne quaesiêris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem dî dederint, Leuconoë; nec Babylonios
Tentâris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit, pati!
Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Juppiter ultimam,
Quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Aetas: carpe diem, quàm minimum credula postero.

The Latin inscription does not seem to express the scope of this ode, which is rather to celebrate the popular deities and heroes of Rome than Augustus exclusively: though the design is so worked out as to draw the chief attention to him. 'The poet, though making Augustus the climax of his song, goes through the praise of Jove and his children, and that of twelve of Rome's principal worthies, before he comes to Augustus.' Marcellus, mentioned in the twelfth stanza, the nephew and son-in-law of Augustus, died in his twentieth year.

WHAT man or hero with the lyre, or shrilly
Pipe, wilt thou take to celebrate, O Clio?
Which of the gods? Whose name by sportive Echo
Shall be repeated,

Either on slopes of Helicon umbrageous,
Or upon Pindus, or on gelid Haemus,
Rashly from whence came down the woods, attendin'
Eloquent Orpheus;

Who, with maternal art, the nimbly gliding
Rivers, and winds in their swift flight arrested:
Who the oaks guided, list'ning to his sweetly
Resonant harp-strings?

What shall I sing before the wonted praises
Due to the god, of gods and men the parent,
Who, unto them, and earth and sky and oc
Tempers the seasons?

XII. DE AUGUSTO.

Quem virum aut heroa, lyra, vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum? Cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Haemo
Unde vocalem temere insecutae
Orphea silvae,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus?

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare ac terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Whence than himself is naught engendered greate
Naught doth there flourish similar or second;
Albeit, nighest unto his, the honours
Held by Minerva.

Nor of thee, Bacchus, valorous in battle,
Nor of thee, Virgin, foe to beasts ferocious,
Nor of thee, Phoebus, feared for shaft unerring,
Will I be silent.

Hercules too I'll sing, and Leda's children;
This in the race, with caestus that, excelling:
White is their star, nor sooner doth its fulgence
Gleam on the sailor,

Than from the rocks flows off the heaving water,
And the winds straightway fall, and vapours vanis
And—for 'tis so they will—the threat'ning billows
Lie down on Ocean.

Next after these, of whom to speak I waver:
Romulus, say, or Numa's calm dominion?
Either of Tarquin's fasces proud, or Cato's
Noble self-slaughter?

Unto the Scauri, Regulus, and Paulus
Lavish of life sublime when Carthage triumphed,
Shall I with signal strain pay grateful homage,
And to Fabricius.

Him, and unkempt Curius for campaigning
Poverty tutored: tutored too Camillus—
Poverty stern and patrimony scanty
Matching the homestead.

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum;
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Proeliis audax, neque te silebo,
Liber; et saevis inimica virgo
Beluis; nec te metuende certa
Phoebe sagitta.

Dicam et Alciden; puerosque Ledae,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatus humor;
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,
Et minax (quod sic voluere) ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile letum.

Regulum, et Scauros, animaeque magnae
Prodigum Paullum, superante Poeno,
Gratus insigni referam Camena,
Fabriciumque.

Hunc, et incomptis Curium capillis,
Utilem bello tulit, et Camillum
Saeva paupertas, et avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Growing like tree in secret, of Marcellus
Groweth the glory. But thy star outshineth,
Julius, all, as, lesser lights excelling,
Shines the moon's splendour.

Offspring of Saturn! thou of human creatures
Father and guardian! Fate to thee hath given
Wardship of Caesar. Thou supreme, and next thee
Caesar vicegerent.

Whether he subject, righteously triumphant,
Parthians daring Latium to menace;
Whether the lieges of the eastern seaboard,
Seric and Indic;

Under thee, he wide earth shall justly govern:
Thou with thine awful car shalt shake Olympus:
Thou upon groves unchaste shalt hurl the hostile
Bolts of thy levin.

In respect to the Lydia of this and other odes, and to the rest of the fair, and presumably frail, ones celebrated by Horace, it may here be remarked once for all, that to attempt to identify them with real personages would be as hopeless an undertaking as to seek originals for Mr. Thomas Little's Fanny of Timmol, and for the Rosa, Kitty, Martha, Chloe and Susan who figured on the list of beauties loved and caressed by that fortunate young gentleman.

When, Lydia, of Teleph's charms,
Of Teleph's rosy neck, and arms
Of wax, you sound the praises,

Crescit, occulto velut arbor aevo,
Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanae pater atque custos,
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Caesaris fatis data: tu secundo
Caesare regnes.

Ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit justo domitos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis orae
Seras et Indos,

Te minor latum reget aequus orbem:
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum;
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

XIII. AD LYDIAM.

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, vae! meum

Thick bile my burning liver swells,
And neither sense within me dwells
Nor colour in my face is.

But tears, that steal adown my cheek,
Of a slow fire within me speak,
With which I writhe, while noting
How, in some tipsy quarrel, he
Has soiled your shoulders' ivory;
Or, in his fits of doting,

How on your lips the frenzied boy
Has left the toothprints of his joy:
But, were I your director,
You'd trust not one who spoils the lips
Which Venus in the essence steeps
Of her own purest nectar.

Triply, and more than triply, blest,
They whom unbroken bands invest,
Congenial hearts involving;
Whose love, by no unseemly fray
Disjointed, to their dying day
Remains without dissolving.

The Republic is here addressed under the form of a ship. 'Navem pro republica,' says Quintilian, 'fluctuum tempestates pro bellis civilibus, portum pro pace atque concordia dicit.'

Ah ship, are the waves bearing thee to sea,
Once more? What doest thou? Cling strenuously
To port. Perceiv'st thou not how bare
Of banks of oars thy quarters are?

Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
Tum nec mens mihi, nec color
Certa sede manet: humor et in genas

Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpârunt humeros immodicae mero

Rixae; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbare
Laedentem oscula, quae Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divolsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die!

XIV.

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
Portum. Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remìgio latus,

And how, by furious south-west maimed, thy mast
And yard-arms groan? and how thy keel, embraced
By girding ropes, can scarce sustain
The force of the imperious main?
Thy sails are not entire: in thy distress
No gods are left whom thou may'st still address.
What though composed of Pontic pine,
Some famous forest's daughter fine,
Thy boast is of an useless name and race.
No confidence do timid sailors place
In painted hulls. Beware lest thou
For the wind's sport thyself bestow.
Thou who of late wert pain and grief to me,
Now my chief hope and grave anxiety,
Ah pr'ythee shun the dangerous seas
Effused 'mid glittering Cyclades.

This is probably one of the earliest of Horace's compositions. It certainly reads very much like a college exercise. In excuse for making the second syllable of Meriones short, I may perhaps be permitted to plead that Horace himself never scrupled to take similar liberty in case of need.

WHEN Helen, his hostess, the treacherous swain
In galleys Idaean bore over the main,
With quiet unwelcome did Nereus restrain
The winds, his dark future to sing.
'With ill omen thou bear'st to thy mansion the dame
Whom Greece shall with numberless soldiers reclaim,
In league to dissever thy nuptials of shame
And Priam's old realm to downfling.

Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennaeque gemant: ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinae
Possint imperiosius
Aequor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea;
Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvae filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile;
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites aequora Cycladas.

XV.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idaeis Helenam perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata. Malā ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Graecia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.

Ah what sweat shall now come upon horses and men!
For the whole Dardan race, of disasters what train
Thou stirr'st! and lo, Pallas makes ready again
Helm, aegis and chariot and ire!
By protection of Venus emboldened, in vain
Thy locks wilt thou comb, and the composite strain
With which women are pleased, on soft cithern sustain;
In vain to thy couch wilt retire
From lances and spikes of the Cnossian reed,
And from war-cries and Ajax pursuing with speed:
Not the less thine adulterous ringlets must need
At length by the dust be distained.
Ah, dost thou not Nestor, the Pylian old,
Nor Ulysses, thy nation's perdition, behold?
On thee Salaminian Teucer, the bold,
On thee shall rush Sthenelus, trained
To arms; or when horses are needing a guide,
Not a dull charioteer. Thou wilt notice beside
Meriones. See in keen quest of thee stride
Tydides, his father excelling;
Whom thou, as a stag from his grazing-ground flies
When a wolf on the vale's other side he espies,
Wilt, effeminate, flee, heaving upward-borne sighs!
Not this to thy bride thou 'rt foretelling!
Though the squadron irate of Achilles may stay
For awhile Troy's and Phrygian women's last day,
Some few winters yet, and Greek fire shall lay
In ashes each Ilian dwelling.'

Heu, heu quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanae
Genti! Jam galeam, Pallas et aegida
  Currusque et rabiem parat.
Nequicquam, Veneris praesidio ferox,
Pectes caesariem, grataque faeminis
Imbelli citharâ carmina divides,
  Nequicquam thalamo graves
Hastas et calami spicula Cnossii
Vitabis, strepitumque, et celerem sequi
Ajacem. Tamen heu! serus adulteros
  Crines pulvere collines.
Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuae
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
  Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens
Pugnae; Sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox,
  Tydides melior patre:
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
  Non hoc pollicitus tuae.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei.
Post certas hiemes uret Achaicus
  Ignis Iliacas domos.

Who were the mother and daughter referred to in this poem many have confidently guessed, but nobody knows. It is generally assumed that one or other had been previously lampooned by Horace, but even this does not seem quite certain.

Of lovely mother, daughter lovelier still,
Restrain my fierce iambics at thy will:
Let the flame blast them,
Or, if so please, on Adrian billows cast them.

Not so Cybele stirs the priestly heart,
Nor Pythian, dwelling in his fane apart,
Nor Bacchus even;
Nor Corybantes when, together driven,
Their cymbals clash,—as stirreth brooding ire,
Which neither Noric sword, nor ruthless fire,
Nor wrecking sea, nor Jove,
Can daunt with terrors thundered from above.

'Tis said, our raw material to prepare,
Prometheus had to gather here and there
A particle—and gave
The rage to us which rabid lions have.
'Twas rage that urged on dire perdition's jaws
Thyestis. Rage was final cause
Why palmiest town
Hath perished utterly,—whose walls, o'erthrown,
Insulting foe with hostile plough hath pressed.
Compose thy mind. Like fervour of the breast
Me too in the sweet prime
Of life beset—on swift iambic rhyme

Misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

XVII. AD TYNDARIDEM.

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycaeo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit aestatem capellis
Usque meis, pluviosque ventos.

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quaerunt latentes et thyma deviae
Olentis uxores mariti:
Nec virides metuunt colubras,

Nec martiales haeduleae lupos;
Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
Valles, et Usticae cubantis
Laevia personuere saxa.

Dî me tuentur: dîs pietas mea
Et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Sending me furious: but my aim is now
To change to sweet from bitter, so that thou,
Grown friendly as before,
Past gibes recant, and former love restore.

A treatise was once written to prove that the Tyndaris of this Ode was a freedwoman of Rhaetemalces, king of Thrace, and also identical with the person whom Horace elsewhere calls Cressa Chloë, Sidonia Chloë, and Venus Marina. This, however, need not prevent the judicious reader from painting a portrait of Tyndaris according to his own taste and fancy.

FLEET Faunus will often Lyaeus desert
For pleasant Lucretilis changing; and there
My flock of she-goats he protects against hurt,
From the rain-laden blast and from summer's hot glare.

The wandering wives of a foul-smelling mate,
For arbute and thyme hidden deep in the brake
Go seeking, secure and unharmed—nor in wait
Is there savage wolf lurking, or green-armoured snake,

For their kidlings to fear. There is safety around,
Wheresoe'er with the melody, Tyndaris mine,
Of pipings Pandean the valleys resound,
And the rocks of Ustica's smooth shelving incline.

The gods are my patrons; the gods have regard
To my Muse and my piety. Here will you see
A rich cornucopia of gifts for the bard
Outpouring its rural abundance for thee.

Misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

XVII. AD TYNDARIDEM.

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycaeo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit aestatem capellis
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Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quaerunt latentes et thyma deviae
Olentis uxores mariti:
Nec virides metuunt colubras,

Nec martiales haeduleae lupos;
Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
Valles, et Usticae cubantis
Laevia personuere saxa.

Dî me tuentur: dîs pietas mea
Et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Here shunning Canicular heat, and reclining
In valley secluded, you'll sing to the lyre
That in Teos was strung, how with Circe the shining,
Penelope strove in one love-kindled fire.

Here goblets of innocent Lesbian quaffing,
You'll fear not, while chatting with me in the shade,
That Bacchus and Mars may mix battling with laughing,
Nor be of that passionate Cyrus afraid,

Lest, mad with suspicion, in conflict uneven,
He tear from your ringlets their coronal crest;
Or lay—as though it, too, offence could have given—
Unmerited violent hands on your vest.

This is almost certainly a close adaptation of a poem of Alcaeus, one line of which has been preserved by Athenaeus, and is a nearly literal translation of the first of the following lines.

On Tibur's mellow soil, and where Catilian ramparts shine,
No tree do thou, O Varus, plant before the sacred vine;
For to the abstinent all things are hard by Jove's decree,
Nor save by other way than theirs do gnawing troubles flee.
Who, after wine, at penury or rough campaigning rails?
Nor rather, father Bacchus, thee; thee, comely Venus, hails?
But that by more than temperate draughts of grape-juice none transgress,
Centaurean fray, with Lapithae fought out in drink's excess,
Warns, as withal Sithonians (nor gently) Evius
Warns,—of the bounds 'twixt right and wrong almost oblivious

Hic in reducta valle Caniculae
Vitabis aestus, et fide Teïa
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbra: nec Semeleïus
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
Proelia: nec metues protervum

Suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
Incontinentes injiciat manus,
Et scindat haerentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritamque vestem.

XVIII. AD VARUM.

NULLAM, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili.
Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit: neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus?
At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
Debellata: monet Sithoniis non levis Euius,
Cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum

Through lustful greed. But I will not, O graceful
Bassareus,
'Gainst thy will rouse thee, nor into the glare of day adduce
Thy mysteries veiled with varied leaves. Those cymbals
dire remove
And Berecynthian clarion, whose train are blind Self-love,
Vain-glory, who, too much and more, exalts her empty head,
And Faith, than glass pellucider, whose secrets all are said.

'When or under what circumstances, or to whom, if to anybody, Horace wrote this Ode, we must be content to be ignorant,' consoling ourselves with the reflection that the completest knowledge would not much increase our pleasure.

Cupid's harsh mother orders me,
And eke the son of Theban Semele,
And my own licensed wantonness,
To my old loves my mind to re-address.
I burn with Glycera's rays that shine
Brighter than ever Parian marble shone;
Burn with her frowardness benign
And looks too mobile to be looked upon.
Assailing me with all her force
Venus has Cyprus left, nor brooks my songs
Of Parthian bold, on back-turned horse,
Or Scyth, or aught that not to her belongs.
Bring hither a live turf, and here
Frankincense, boys, and vervain to me bear,
With wine-jar of last year's supply.
A victim may her coming mollify.

Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu
Invitum quatiam: nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub divum rapiam. Saeva tene cum Berecyntio
Cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus Amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio Gloria verticem,
Arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

XIX. AD GLYCERAM.

Mater saeva Cupidinum
Thebanaeque jubet me Semeles puer,
Et lasciva Licentia
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.

Urit me Glycerae nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas
Et voltus nimium lubricus adspici.

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit: nec patitur Scythas
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere nec quae nihil attinent.

Hic vivum mihi caespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, turaque
Bimi cum patera meri:
Mactata veniet lenior hostia.

HERE wilt thou drink, dear cavalier Maecenas,
Moderate beakers of a common Sabine
Stored by myself and sealed in Grecian flagon,
When in the circus

So wert thou welcomed by its loud applauses,
That thy paternal riverbanks, as likewise
Vatican's mountain, with its gleeful echo,
Answered in praises.

Caecuban grapes, and those which in Calenum's
Presses are crushed, drink thou at home, but neither
Formian hillsides, nor Falernic vineyards
Flavour my goblets.

The year after Augustus returned to Rome from the raking of Alexandria, he dedicated a temple to Apollo on the Palatine Hill, and instituted quinquennial games, the Ludi Actiaci, in honour of Apollo and Diana. This Ode may have been written then, or on some similar occasion.

YE gentle maidens of Diana sing,
Ye, boys, the praise of Cynthus' beardless king,
And of Latona, who the love
Shares largely of supremest Jove.
Her, girls, whom streams and leafy groves delight,
Those which project from chilly Algid's height,

XX. AD MAECENATEM.

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
Conditum levi, datus in theatro
Cum tibi plausus,

Care Maecenas eques: ut paterni
Fluminis ripae, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

Caecubum, et praelo domitam Caleno
Tu bibes uvam: mea nec Falernae
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.

XXI. IN DIANAM ET APOLLINEM.

DIANAM tenerae dicite virgines,
Intonsum pueri dicite Cynthium,
Latonamque supremo
Dilectam penitus Jovi.
Vos laetam fluviis et nemorum coma,
Quaecunque aut gelido prominet Algido,

Or Erymanthine forest shades,
Or Cragus, and its verdant glades.
Ye, lads, Apollo's native Delos praise,
And Tempe ye, with no less numerous lays:
His shoulders, likewise, decked with dire
Quiver, and with his brother's lyre.
He tearful war, wan famine, pestilence,
From princely Caesar and his people, hence
To Persia, and to Britain's isle,
At your petition will exile.

Aristius Fuscus was the friend of whom Horace speaks with so much affection in Epistle i. 10, and the wag who played him false in the scene with a troublesome bore, described in Satire i. 9.

Whoso a perfect life and sinless leadeth,
Neither the bow nor Moorish javelin heedeth,
Neither to load with poisoned arrows needeth,
Fuscus, his quiver:

Whether through burning sands his way he guideth,
Or there where churlish Caucasus presideth,
Or mid the scenes by which Hydaspes glideth,
Fable-fraught river.

For while in Sabine wood, no solace wanting,
Past bounds I sauntered, Lalage mine chanting,
Slunk off a wolf from me unarmed, yet daunting
Hunger's fell passion.

Nigris aut Erymanthi
Silvis, aut viridis Cragi:
Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus;
Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
Insignemque pharetra
Fraternaque humerum lyra.
Hic bellum lacrymosum, hic miseram famem
Pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
Persas atque Britannos
Vestra motus aget prece.

XXII. AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

INTEGER vitae, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem,

Like monster martial Daunia never feedeth,
Land which in oaken forest so exceedeth:
Naught Juba's realm, dry nurse of lions, breedeth,
After like fashion.

Place me on plains where barrenness distresses,
Where is no tree that genial breeze caresses,
Side of the world where Jove malign oppresses,
Sable clouds piling;

Place me where, 'neath the sun's near chariot reeking,
Vain for man's habitation were the seeking,
There will I love my Lalage sweet-speaking,
Sweetly too smiling.

Apparently imitated from a poem of Anacreon, of which a single line has been preserved in Athenaeus.

You shrink from me, my Chloe, like a fawn
Whom search after her timorous dam has drawn
To pathless steeps, in needless fear
Of every breath and thicket there.
For with cold tremors quake her heart and knees,
Whether spring's advent stir the rustling trees,
Or the green-coated lizard brush
Lightly athwart the quivering bush.
But not, like tiger fierce, to mangle you,
Nor like Getulian lion, I pursue;
Quit then, at length your mother quit,
Since now of years for wedlock fit.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aurā;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Juppiter urget:

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terrā domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

XXIII. AD CHLOEN.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem, non sine vano
Aurarum et siluae metu.
Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertae,
Et corde et genibus tremit.
Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo, frangere persequor:
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

Quintilius was born at Cremona, and was a neighbour and friend of Virgil, through whom probably Horace made his acquaintance.

WHAT shame, what stint in sorrowing can there be
For one so dear? Ordain, Melpomene,
A dolorous chant; thou unto whom thy sire
Hath given a voice of music and the lyre.
Doth then a never-ending sleep oppress
Quintilius? upon whose like, ah when
Shall Modesty, or Truth or Guilelessness,
Of Justice the pure sister, look again?
By many good his fall is wept, and more
By none than thee; and thy Quintilius,
Pious in vain, thou bidst the gods restore.
Ah! not so, Virgil, was he lent to us!
E'en though more softly thou attune the lute
Than Thracian Orpheus to attentive trees,
Never will blood the empty form recruit,
Which, deaf to prayer against what Fate decrees,
Mercury, touching with his dreaded wand,
Hath once compelled to join the sable band.
Hard! but with patience will more lightly lie
That which 'twere criminal to remedy.

XXIV. AD VIRGILIUM.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Praecipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
  Vocem cum citharā dedit.
Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, et Justitiae soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
  Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum
  Poscis Quintilium deos.
Quod si Threïcio blandius Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem;
Non vanae redeat sanguis imagini,
  Quam virgā semel horrida,
Non lenis precibus fata recludere
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum: sed levius fit patientia
  Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

If I had consulted my own taste, I should have preferred to leave this Ode untouched. It does Horace no credit, whether we suppose him to have written it in earnest, or to have taken the subject merely as an exercise for his muse—perhaps in imitation of some piece of Archilochus.

RARELIER knock against your fastened windows
Impudent youngsters with repeated rappings;
Nor do they break your rest; and to its threshold
Clingeth the portal,

Which to revolve upon its hinge was once so
Ready: but ever less and less you hear now
'While through the livelong night for thee I perish,
Lydia, sleep'st thou?'

You, an old woman, in your turn will pine for
Saucy rakes leaving you in lonely alley,
While betwixt moons with greater fury blusters
Thracian tempest:

And the same appetite and lustful craving,
Wont to infuriate the dams of horses,
Rages around your ulcerated liver:
Not without murmur

That 'tis the blooming ivy and the budding
Myrtle that gay young fellows most delight in,
And that dry leaves they dedicate to Hebrus,
Winter's companion.

XXV. AD LYDIAM.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua limen,

Quae prius multum facilis movebat
Cardines. Audis minus et minus jam,
'Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?'

Invicem moechos anus arrogantes
Flebis in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunia vento:

Cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
Quae solet matres furiare equorum,
Saeviet circa jecur ulcerosum:
Non sine questu,

Laeta quod pubes hedera virente
Gaudeat, pulla magis atque myrto:
Aridas frondes hiemis sodali
Dedicet Hebro.

When this Ode was written, Parthian politics would seem to have been occupying much attention at Rome, since Horace speaks of himself as the only person who gave no heed to them.

A FAVOURITE of the Muses, grief and fear
I render to the wilful winds to bear
To Cretan billows: I alone,
Heedless beneath what monarch groan
Chill Arctic regions, or what perils fright
Prince Tiridates. Thou who hast delight
In limpid rills, Pimplea sweet!
A garland for my Lamia knit
Of sunny flowers; for, without thee, my words
Can avail nothing: him with newstrung chords
To hallow, and, with Lesbian lute,
Well will thyself and sisters suit.

Supposed to be imitated from Anacreon; but if so, only the outlines can have been copied: the lifelike details are surely original.

WHAT! fight over cups meant as helps to hilarity!
'Tis Thracian. Away with that piece of barbarity!
And forbid that these bloodthirsty bickerings rude
On the presence of well-mannered Bacchus intrude.
'Twixt Median sabre and lights of our feasts,
And their wine, what enormous discrepance exists!
Let, messmates, this impious din be repressed
And on your bent elbows continue at rest.
That of heady Falernian I too take my share?
Do you wish me? Well then let the brother declare

XXVI.

Musis amicus, tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
  Portare ventis: quis sub arcto
    Rex gelidae metuatur orae,
Quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
Securus. O quae fontibus integris
  Gaudes, apricos necte flores,
    Necte meo Lamiae coronam,
Pimplea dulcis: nil sine te mei
Prosunt honores. Hunc fidibus novis,
  Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,
    Teque tuasque decet sorores.

XXVII.

Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est: tollite barbarum
  Morem, verecundumque Bacchum
    Sanguineis prohibete rixis.
Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantum discrepat! Impium
  Lenite clamorem, sodales,
    Et cubito remanete presso.
Voltis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntiae

Of Opuntian Megill, with what wound he is thrilling,
Whose arrows they are which he finds are so killing.
Oh! you don't choose to tell? Well, at no other price
Will I drink. Yet indeed beneath whatsoe'er guise
Your Venus rules o'er you, they surely are not
Any fires you need blush for whereby you're distraught.
'Tis aye with some lady you sin—so don't fear;
Whate'er 'tis—out with it to trustworthy ear.
Nay, is't so? Ah, 'gainst what a Charybdis you're pitted,
Wretched boy, whom a worthier flame had befitted!
What wizard with potions Thessalian, what witch,
What deity's aid, can so sad a case reach?
Bound by such a Chimaera, such triply-formed beast,
E'en by Pegasus' self can you scarce be released.

Most commentators consider this to be a dialogue between the spirit of a shipwrecked and unburied sailor cast on shore near Tarentum, and that of the Tarentine philosopher Archytas; but the extreme difficulty of duly apportioning their respective parts to the interlocutors, induces me to follow Mr. Macleane and others in assigning the whole to a single speaker—to wit, the spirit of a shipwrecked sailor, moralizing upon death and asking for burial. No one, however, of the numerous explanations that have been suggested is altogether satisfactory.

BESTOWAL of a little dust near the Matinian shore
Imprisons thee, Archytas, now, surveyor heretofore
Of earth and ocean and the sand's innumerable grains:
Nor to thee, mortal as thou wert, of profit now remains

Frater Megillae, quo beatus
Volnere, qua pereat sagitta.
Cessat voluntas? Non alia bibam
Mercede. Quae te cunque domat Venus,
Non erubescendis adurit
Ignibus, ingenuoque semper
Amore peccas: quidquid habes, age,
Depone tutis auribus. Ah miser,
Quanta laborabas in Charybdi!
Digne puer meliore flamma
Quae saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit deus?
Vix illigatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

XXVIII.

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis arenae
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
Munera; nec quidquam tibi prodest

Aught for that thou in spirit hast aerial mansions tried,
And of the arched expanse of heaven hast made the circuit wide.
The sire of Pelops likewise died, he who was guest of gods,
Tithonus also, borne away along ethereal roads,
And Minos, confidant of Jove. Nor less Panthoides,
To Orcus once again consigned, does Tartarus possess;
Though with his shield in evidence, of Trojan times he taught
When to black death, save nerves and skin, he had surrendered naught:
And, in your estimation, he, of truth and nature, rates
As no mean judge. But one same night all human kind awaits:
All must once tread the fatal path. Some, to be sport to Mars,
The Furies give: the greedy sea yawns for the lives of tars:
Of old and young together massed, the mingled corpses lie:
No head is there that Proserpine, the ruthless, passes by.
Me, also, did the stormy south, which in his downward track
Accompanies Orion, 'mid Illyrian billows wrack.
Then do not you, O mariner, refuse, in churlish wise,
To these my bones and this my head that here unburied lies,
Some particles of shifting sand. So the east wind, howe'er
It menace the Hesperian sea, and woods Venusine tear,

Aërias tentâsse domos, animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro.
Occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum,
Tithonusque remotus in auras,
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus; habentque
Tartara Panthoïden, iterum Orco
Demissum; quamvis clipeo Trojana refixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae;
Judice te, non sordidus auctor
Naturae verique. Sed omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via leti.
Dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti:
Exitio est avidum mare nautis.
Mixta senum ac juvenum densentur funera; nullum
Saeva caput Proserpina fugit.
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu nauta, vagae ne parce malignus arenae
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare. Sic, quodcunque minabitur Eurus
Fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinae

Leave you in safety: so for you abundant streams of gain,
Come they from whencesoe'er they may, do righteous
Jove ordain,
And Neptune, at Tarentum hailed as guardian deity.
But, if you scruple not at fraud, foredoomed erelong to be
Visited on your guiltless bairns, then may it chance for you
That like neglectful scorn in turn and retribution due
Shall be reserved: I shall not be left without vengeful
prayer.
No expiatory sacrifice will your offence repair.
What though in such impatient haste—I crave but
brief delay;
Sprinkle but thrice the dust on me, then speed you
on your way.

In the year 23 B.C. an army was sent by Augustus into Arabia Felix, under Aelius Gallus, Governor of Egypt, and the prospects of plunder which the expedition held out would seem to have induced a number of young men at Rome, and among others Iccius, a man of studious habits, to join it.

So, Iccius, the vast wealth which Arabs store
You covet: and prepare sharp warfare for
Saba's unconquered kings, and plan
Bonds for the dreadful Median.
What gentile girl, whose lover you may kill,
Shall thereupon be servant of your will?
What boy from court with essenced hair
Shall be appointed cupbearer—

Plectantur silvae, te sospite: multaque merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat aequo
Ab Jove, Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
Negligis immeritis nocituram
Postmodo te natis fraudem committere? Fors et
Debita jura vicesque superbae
Te maneant ipsum. Precibus non linquar inultis;
Teque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quamquam festinas (non est mora longa) licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

XXIX. AD ICCIUM.

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis: et acrem militiam paras
Non ante devictis Sabaeae
Regibus, horribilique Medo
Nectis catenas. Quae tibi virginum
Sponso necato barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aula capillis
Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

Accustomed with his father's bow to fly
Serican arrows? Who will now deny
That headlong rivers may flow back
Uphill, and Tiber change his track;
When you, who better hopes of you had taught,
Panaetus' noble tomes, everywhere bought,
And the entire Socratic family,
Are bartering for Iberian panoply?

Composed perhaps on the occasion of some lady friend of Horace sacrificing, or dedicating a little chapel to the Goddess of Love.

O VENUS, queen of Cnidus and of Paphos,
Leave thy beloved Cyprus, and betake thee
To the fair shrine where Glycera invokes thee,
Sparing not incense.

Let with thee haste thy fervid boy, the Graces,
With their zones loosed, and thy attendant wood nymphs:
Mercury, too, and Youth that scantly courteous
Is when without thee.

Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno? Quis neget arduis
  Pronos relabi posse rivos
    Montibus, et Tiberim reverti;
Cum tu coëmptos undique nobiles
Libros Panaeti, Socraticam et domum,
  Mutare loricis Hiberis,
    Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

XXX. AD VENEREM.

O VENUS, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
  Ture te multo Glycerae decoram
    Transfer in aedem.

Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
Gratiae zonis, properentque Nymphae,
  Et parum comis sine te Juventas
    Mercuriusque.

In commemoration of his victory at Actium, Augustus dedicated to Apollo a temple, with a library attached, built by him on the Palatine Hill. 'After the ceremonies of dedication were over, we may suppose Horace putting in his own claim to the god's favour in this Ode, in which he represents himself as offering a libation, and asking for mens sana in corpore sano.'

WHAT asks the bard in consecrated shrine
Of Phoebus? What, outpouring the new wine,
Prays he for? Not for sacks of corn
From bountiful Sardinia shorn;
Not goodly herds from parched Calabria's fold;
Not ivory, India's offering, nor gold;
Not meads through which, with quiet play,
Liris, mute river, gnaws her way.
With pruning-hook be vines Calenian pressed
By those whom fortune therewithal hath blessed:
From golden cups rich merchants drain
Choice wines, in trade's exchanges ta'en
For Syrian wares, since to the gods' selves dear,
Three or four times revisiting each year
The Atlantic main uninjured. Me
Mild mallows nourish, olives, succory.
Grant me, Latona's son, my modest wealth
To enjoy with mind still vigorous and in health;
To pass through age, from baseness free,
Not lacking the lute's company.

XXXI. AD APOLLINEM.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? Non opimae
Sardiniae segetes feraces;
Non aestuosae grata Calabriae
Armenta; non aurum, aut ebur Indicum;
Non rura, quae Liris quieta
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.
Premant Calenam falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna vitem: dives et aureis
Mercator exsiccet cululis
Vina Syra reparata merce,
Dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
Anno revisens aequor Atlanticum
Impune. Me pascunt olivae,
Me cichorea, levesque malvae.
Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, et precor integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.

In spite of all the scholiasts have written 'there is no clue whatever to the occasion of this Ode.' It is doubtful whether the first word should be 'Poscimur' or 'Poscimus.' If the first, it may mean that he had been requested to write on some subject of the day, though nobody knows what; but it may also mean that he felt the poetic afflatus upon him, and was bound accordingly.

I AM required. If with thee idling ever
In the cool shade, aught have I uttered, destined
This year and more to live—a Latin carol
Sing now, my rebeck.

Thou who first tuned wert by a Lesbic townsman,
Who, in arms fierce, still in the midst of conflict,
Or after making fast his storm-tost galley
To the dank seabeach,

Would of wine sing, music, and lovely Venus,
And of the boy ever on her attendant,
Lycus too sing, graceful with jetty ringlets
And with jet eyeballs.

Shell, who art welcomed at high Jove's carousals,
Pride of bright Phoebus, and my labour's dulcet
Solace, propitiously assist whene'er I
Duly invoke thee.

XXXII. AD TESTUDINEM.

Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures, age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen.

Lesbio primum modulate civi,
Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religarat udo
Litore navim,

Liberum et Musas, Veneremque et illi
Semper haerentem puerum canebat,
Et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
Crine decorum.

O decus Phoebi, et dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis, O laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti.

Horace was much attached to his brother poet Tibullus, who was indeed a favourite with his contemporaries generally. 'That he wrote elegies, was not rarely crossed in love, and that he was on some occasion in a desponding humour, are facts sufficient to form a probable foundation for this good-humoured little poem.'

CEASE, Albius, cease this too lengthened repining
For pitiless Glycera's falsehood, this whining
In pitiful dirge, of a youngster outshining
Her ancienter swain, in her sight.

Lycoris, renowned for low forehead, is burning
With passion for Cyrus, while Cyrus is yearning
For Pholoë coy; but she-goats will be turning,
With Puglian wolves to unite,

Ere Pholoë sin with adulterer base.
Such is Venus's will, who no better sport has
Than with savage glee bidding 'neath brazen yoke pass
Forms and minds with each other at war.

Me, to whom her affections a worthier gave,
Did Myrtale's ravishing fetters enslave,
A freedwoman, rougher than Adrian wave
Incurving Calabria's shore.

XXXIII. AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glycerae, neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Laesa praeniteat fide.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholoën: sed prius Apulis
Jungentur capreae lupis,

Quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aënea
Saevo mittere cum joco.

Ipsum me, melior cum peteret Venus,
Grata detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Hadriae
Curvantis Calabros sinus.

A SPARING and infrequent worshipper
While, steeped in an insane philosophy,
I went astray—now back again am I
Compelled to set my sail, and to recur
To my old courses: for the Sire of Heaven,
Who the cloud-masses with his fiery sheen
Cleaves mostly, has athwart the clear serene
His thundering steeds and flying chariot driven,
Whereat the stolid earth and truant streams,
Dark dens of odious Taenarus and Styx,
And Atlantean limitary peaks,
Shuddered. That deity can all extremes
Of high and low reverse: the mean uprear
And the proud humble. With shrill dissonance,
Rude fortune snatches off the plume from hence
And joys in having placed it otherwhere.

Augustus was meditating one expedition against the Britons and another against the East, and Horace here commends him to the care of Fortune the preserver.

GODDESS, who reign'st o'er pleasant Antium,
Potent to raise the mortal body from
Abjectest state, or triumphs proud
To cover with funereal shroud!

XXXIV.

PARCUS deorum cultor et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiae
  Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
    Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos: namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens
  Plerumque, per purum tonantes
    Egit equos volucremque currum,
Quo bruta tellus, et vaga flumina
Quo Styx, et invisi horrida Taenari
  Sedes, Atlanteüsque finis
    Concutitur. Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat deus,
Obscura promens. Hinc apicem rapax
  Fortuna cum stridore acuto
    Sustulit; hic posuisse gaudet.

XXXV. AD FORTUNAM.

O DIVA, gratum quae regis Antium,
Praesens vel imo tollere de gradu
  Mortale corpus, vel superbos
    Vertere funeribus triumphos;

The needy husbandman besieges thee
With anxious prayers: as mistress of the sea,
So do whoe'er with Thynian prow
The plain of the Carpathian plough.
Thee Dacian rude, and Scythian wanderer,
Cities and nations, and fierce Latium fear;
Tyrants in purple dizenings,
And mothers of barbarian kings.
Do not with harmful foot the stable pile
O'erthrow, and let not popular turmoil
To arms, to arms, the weary wake
And our imperial fabric break.
Thee, aye precedes Necessity austere,
Whose brazen hands huge spikes and wedges bear:
Neither is absent thence the dread
Hook'd iron clamp or molten lead.
On thee wait Hope and rare Fidelity,
White robed, and shunning not thy company,
E'en though, with vestment changed, in ire,
From wealthy mansions thou retire.
But faithless sycophant and perjured wench
Draw back, and crafty boon-companions wrench
Aside their pledges' yoke, and fly
When to the lees the cask is dry.
Preserve thou Caesar, for Britannia's coast—
Earth's farthest—starting, and the youthful host
Newly enrolled to carry dread
To Eastern parts and Ocean Red.
Ah! for my brethren's guilty scars I blush.
Whither forbears this hardened age to rush?

Te pauper ambit sollicita prece
Ruris colonus; te dominam aequoris,
  Quicunque Bithyna lacessit
    Carpathium pelagus carina.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
  Regumque matres barbarorum, et
    Purpurei metuunt tyranni,
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
  Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
    Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Te semper anteit saeva Necessitas
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
  Gestans aëna: nec severus
    Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
  Utcunque mutata potentes
    Veste domos inimica linquis.
At volgus infidum et meretrix retro
Perjura cedit; diffugiunt cadis,
  Cum faece siccatis amici
    Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.
Serves iturum Caesarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
  Examen Eois timendum
    Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.
Eheu! cicatricum et sceleris pudet
Fratrumque. Quid nos dura refugimus

What by our sacrilege remains
Untouched? What fear of gods restrains
The ravage of our youth? What altars are
Spared by them? Ah that thou would'st now prepare
In a fresh forge our blunted blades
For Massagete and Arab raids!

Of Numida nobody knows more than we are here told, viz. that he was a great friend of Horace's and of Lamia's (see Ode xxvi of this Book) and that he had lately returned from a lengthened absence in Spain. By 'non alio rege' in line 8, Horace probably meant 'under the same schoolmaster.' The change of gown, referred to in the following line, was the assumption of the virile toga in lieu of the toga praetexta.

RIGHT joyfully our vows we pay,
With incense, heifer's blood, and lyric strain,
To guardian gods of Numida,
Who, safely now returned from farthest Spain,
On his dear messmates many a kiss
Bestows, but more on none than upon his
Belovèd Lamia, remembering
Their boyhood passed under one selfsame king,
And their coeval change of gown.
Be this glad day by Cretan token known:
On ready wine-jar no compassion,
No rest for foot from dance in Salian fashion.
By vinous Damalis outquaffed
Be Bassus not, in breathless Thracian draught;

Aetas? quid intactum nefasti
Liquimus? unde manum juventus
Metu deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? O utinam nova
Incude diffingas retusum in
Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

XXXVI.

Et ture et fidibus juvat
Placare et vituli sanguine debito
Custodes Numidae deos,
Qui nunc, Hesperia sospes ab ultima,
Caris multa sodalibus,
Nulli plura tamen dividit oscula
Quam dulci Lamiae, memor
Actae non alio rege puertiae
Mutataeque simul togae.
Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,
Neu promptae modus amphorae,
Neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum,
Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threïcia vincat amystide,

Neither let our convivial meeting
Lack roses, parsley bright, or lily fleeting.
His longing eyes on Damalis
Each one shall cast—but Damalis, with hold,
Closer than wanton ivy's is,
Will not her new-found paramour unfold.

A song of rejoicing on account of the taking of Alexandria and the death of Cleopatra.

Now let us drink; with lightly tripping feet
Now be earth beaten; now, my friends, 'tis meet
Couches of gods to deck with fare
Worthy of banquets Saliar.
To draw forth Caecuban from antique bin
Till now was impious, while as yet the Queen,
Weak, yet not doubting of success,
And drunk with fortune's largesses,
With help, forsooth, of an infected herd
Of minions loathsome with disease, prepared
Dire ruin for the Capitol,
And for the state, funereal pall.
But her rage drooped when scarce one vessel fled
Saved from our fires; and to no causeless dread,
Her soul with Meroe's grape inflamed,
Caesar, with oars close following, tamed,

Neu desint epulis rosae,
  Neu vivax apium, neu breve lilium.
Omnes in Damalin putres
  Deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo
Divelletur adultero
  Lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

XXXVII.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus: nunc Saliaribus
  Ornare pulvinar deorum
    Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.
Antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
Cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
  Regina dementes ruinas,
    Funus et imperio parabat
Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
  Sperare, fortunaque dulci
    Ebria. Sed minuit furorem
Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus;
Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
  Redegit in veros timores
    Caesar, ab Italia volantem

Dogging her flight from Italy, (e'en so
Hawk, gentle dove pursues, or through the snow
Keen sportsman, hare, on Aemon's plains,)
And, bent on girdling with his chains
That baleful marvel, who, resolved to die
By nobler death, paled not with womanly
Fear of the sword's fell menace, nor
Sought with swift ships some secret shore;
But with a countenance serene could eye
Her ruined palace, and courageously
Handle infuriate asps, nor shrank
While their foul spume her body drank:
Firmer since she her death had pre-ordained,
Not she, in truth, by rude Liburnians deigned
To be borne off triumphantly,
As though some low-born woman, she.

The thin inner bark of the linden-tree, says Mr. Macleane, was used for a lining on which flowers were sewn to form the richer kind of chaplets called 'sutiles.'

I HATE, boy, preparations Persian:
Linden-wrought wreaths are my aversion.
Cease searching in what corner grows
Delaying there, the tardy rose;
And labour not so anxiously
Aught to plain myrtle to supply.
Myrtle will shame not, I opine,
Either thy forehead, page, or mine,
While here I drink, 'neath arching vine.

Remis adurgens, accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
  Venator in campis nivalis
    Haemoniae, daret ut catenis
Fatale monstrum: quae generosius
Perire quaerens, nec muliebriter
  Expavit ensem, nec latentes
    Classe cita reparavit oras.
Ausa et jacentem visere regiam
Voltu sereno, fortis et asperas
  Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
    Corpore combiberet venenum;
Deliberata morte ferocior,
Saevis Liburnis scilicet invidens
  Privata deduci superbo
    Non humilis mulier triumpho.

XXXVIII. AD PUERUM.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexae philyrâ coronae:
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
    Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arta
    Vite bibentem.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK II.

Pollio, a friend and patron of Virgil and Horace, after taking an active and distinguished part in public affairs for twenty years, retired into private life and betook himself to literature, confining himself at first to dramatic writing. He subsequently undertook a history of his own times, and it was probably after hearing him read part of that work, that Horace addressed to him the following Ode.

Broils in Metellian consulate begun,
The war's pretext, its crimes, and courses run,
And fickle Fortune's freaks, and lords
In baleful friendship leagued, and swords
With massacres not yet atoned for, red:—
A theme you treat replete with risk, and tread
On treacherous ashes, where below
The fires of lurking embers glow.
Let then the muse severe of tragic song
Desert a while the stage; and when erelong
Your history is complete, again
Resume the grand dramatic strain,
O Pollio, anxious suitor's chiefest trust,
Chief referee in senate-house august,
Who in Dalmatic triumph wore
Laurels unfading evermore.
E'en now with trumpets' minatory growl
Our ears you deafen: noisy clarions howl,
And flashing arms and armour's blaze
The flying horse and horseman daze.
Of mighty chiefs do I now seem to hear
Whom stains of no dishonouring dust besmear,

I. AD C. ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum
Bellique causas et vitia et modos
Ludumque Fortunae gravesque
Principum amicitias et arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
Periculosae plenum opus aleae,
Tractas et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.
Paullum severae Musa tragoediae
Desit theatris: mox ubi publicas
Res ordinaris grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,
Insigne maestis praesidium reis
Et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
Cui laurus aeternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.
Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aures, jam litui strepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos equitumque voltus:
Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos,

And earth all bowed beneath controul
Save only Cato's tameless soul.
Juno, and Afric's other friendlier
Gods, who un'venged had weakly quitted her,
Now for Jugurtha's holocaust
Send grandsons of his conqueror's host.
Fattened with Latin blood, what field but bears
Marks of our battles in its sepulchres?
And of Hesperia's crash, whose sound
Was heard within the Median's bound?
What pool, what river is there, but has seen
Our dismal wars? what sea that has not been
Deeply by Daunian carnage stained?
What coast but where our blood has rained?
But do not, forward muse, abandoning
Thy merry notes, in Cean dirges sing;
By us, within Dionean grot,
Be songs of lighter burthen sought.

Caius Crispus Sallustius was grandnephew of the historian, and inheritor of his great wealth. Proculeius had behaved with remarkable generosity to his two brothers who had lost their property during the civil wars. Phraates, after his replacement on the throne of Parthia, was, or at least is represented by Horace as having been, maintained upon it by the influence of Augustus, to whom he restored the standards lost by Crassus.

Crispus Sallustius, scorner of the bullion
Underground hidden out of sight by misers,
Silver no lustre hath till shining forth from
Usage judicious.

Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Praeter atrocem animum Catonis.
Juno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
Tellure victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Jugurthae.
Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulcris impia proelia
Testatur auditumque Medis
Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?
Qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae
Non decoloravere caedes?
Quae caret ora cruore nostro?
Sed ne relictis, Musa procax, jocis
Ceae retractes munera neniae:
Mecum Dionaeo sub antro
Quaere modos leviore plectro.

II. AD C. SALLUSTIUM CRISPUM.

Nullus argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, inimice lamnae
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Through a long age shall flourish Proculeius,
Noted for care paternal of his brethren.
Him shall imperishable fame's unmelting
Wings carry onward.
Wider dominion mayst thou have by bridling
Greed, than although thou join'dst with distant Cadiz
Libya, and though thyself of either Carthage
Wert the sole master.
Pestilent dropsy grows by self-indulgence,
Nor its thirst quenches, till the cause of sickness
From the veins pass, and till the watery languor
Leave the pale body.
Virtue, dissenting from the crowd, accounts not
Happy Phraates, on the throne of Cyrus
Now again seated: and the people teaches
Not to continue
Using false terms. Him only she endows with
Kingdom, and crown secure, and her own laurel,
Who upon heaps of treasure looks without one
Covetous side-glance.

Some of the scholiasts are in doubt whether Gellius should not be written instead of Dellius, Horace having had acquaintances of both names. The doubt suffices to show how vain would be the attempt to connect the subject of the Ode with the character of the person addressed.

TEMPER serene in arduous circumstance,
And, likewise, in prosperity's advance
From glee's excess held under rein,
Heedfully, Dellius, death-doomed, maintain:

Vivet extento Proculeius aevo
Notus in fratres animi paterni;
Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.
Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas et uterque Poenus
Serviat uni.
Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis, et aquosus albo
Corpore languor.
Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten,
Dissidens plebi, numero beatorum
Eximit Virtus: populumque falsis
Dedocet uti
Vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
Deferens uni, propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo inretorto
Spectat acervos.

III. AD QUINTUM DELLIUM.

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Laetitia, moriture Delli;

Whether, through life entire, thou sorrowing pinest,
Or whether, livelong festive days, reclinest
In grassy nook, indulging in
Falernian from the inner bin—
Where the huge pine-tree and the poplar white
To weave a hospitable shade delight
With mingling boughs, while, fugitive,
With the brook's curve, clear ripples strive.
Hither with wine and perfumes bid them bring
Sweet rose blossoms too briefly blossoming,
While age and means so let it be,
And black threads of the sisters three.
From house and purchased groves must thou be gone
—Villa which yellow Tiber laves—and on
The riches piled by thee on high
Thine heir will enter forcibly.
Whether thou'rt baseborn, homeless, indigent,
Or opulent, and of antique descent
From Inachus, all one to thee,
Stern Pluto's victim equally.
Unto one goal we all are forced: of all
Shaketh the urn, whence soon or late shall fall
Lot of a place in Charon's boat
To banishment eterne to float.

Seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni;
Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo?
Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
Flores amoenae ferre jube rosae,
Dum res et aetas et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo
Villaque flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.
Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
Nil interest an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura et nos in aeternum
Exilium impositura cumbae.

It is generally agreed that Xanthias was a fictitious name. It is rather a wonder therefore that more use should not have been made of the scope afforded for conjecture as to the real personage intended by it.

BLUSH not, my Phocian Xanthias, with shame
For love of your maid-servant. Before now
Enslaved Briseis, with her tints of snow,
Presumptuous Achilles overcame.

Captive Tecmessa's graceful symmetry
Ravished her captor Ajax Telamon:
Atrides, by the girl his arms had won,
Was set on fire in midst of victory—

When the barbarian legions fled away
Before the conquering Pthian, and, bereft
Of Hector, Pergamean Troy was left
To the exhausted Greeks an easier prey.

Be sure blonde Phillis comes of parents whose
Condition will their daughter's husband grace.
Yes, certainly, she comes of royal race:
Unjust domestic gods are what she rues.

Don't fancy that from the vile rabble she
Was chosen for you, or that one so true,
So far from any mercenary view,
Was of base mother born: it cannot be.

IV. AD XANTHIUM PHOCIUM.

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu! Prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem;

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivae dominum Tecmessae;
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine rapta,

Barbarae postquam cecidere turmae
Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Grais.

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavae decorent parentes:
Regium certe genus et penates
Maeret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelesta
Plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
Matre pudenda.

Her arms, her face, her taper legs may I
Harmlessly praise. You, to suspect forbear,
One to whose now eighth lustre its last year
Age has already hastened to apply.

The inscription 'Ad Gabinium' appears in only one MS., and is adopted here only in the absence of any other. What Acron says, 'Incertum est quem alloquatur hæc ode,' might be said of a good many Odes besides this.

NOT yet is she of strength the yoke to bear
On subject neck—not yet the duties share
Of partner, nor the bull's rude weight,
Rushing on love, to tolerate.
By verdant meads your heifer's heart is still
Engrossed—now suaging in the flowing rill
The fiery heat, and now among
Moist osier-beds, with steerlings young
Delighted frisking. For the unripe grape
Cease longing: soon shall dappled autumn drape
Those clusters, now of livid hue,
And mark them with a deeper blue.
Soon shall she follow you: for fast careers
Coy youth, and places upon her the years
It takes from you. With wanton gait
Lalage soon will seek a mate.
As doth not Pholoe shy, will she excite
Love; nor so Chloris, with the shoulders white
Shining as shines on midnight sea
Clear moon, nor Cnidian Gyges—he

Brachia et voltum teretesque suras
Integer laudo; fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit aetas
Claudere lustrum.

V. AD GABINIUM.

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet
Cervice, nondum munia comparis
Aequare nec tauri ruentis
In venerem tolerare pondus.
Circa virentes est animus tuae
Campos juvencae, nunc fluviis gravem
Solantis aestum, nunc in udo
Ludere cum vitulis salicto
Praegestientis: tolle cupidinem
Immitis uvae: jam tibi lividos
Distinguet Auctumnus racemos
Purpureo varius colore.
Jam te sequetur, (currit enim ferox
Aetas, et illi quos tibi dempserit,
Apponet annos,) jam proterva
Fronte petet Lalage maritum:
Dilecta quantum non Pholoë fugax,
Non Chloris albo sic humero nitens,
Ut pura nocturno renidet
Luna mari, Cnidiusve Gyges,

Whom if you placed amid a troop of girls,
The little difference 'twixt his flowing curls,
Or dubious face and theirs, would try
Vastly the keenest stranger's eye.

That Septimius had a villa at Tarentum, where Horace paid him at least one visit, is about all that can with confidence be said of him beyond what may be gathered from this Ode.

WILLING with me, Septimius, to visit
Cadiz, and Biscay to the yoke inured not,
Barbarous Syrtes too, where Moorish billows
Ever are seething,
Would that sweet Tibur, built by Argive settler,
Could in old age become my habitation:
Would I might there end toil by land and water,
And by campaigning.
Whence, if untoward destiny debar me,
Pleasant Galesus will I turn to—river
Loved by swathed sheep, and to the rural realms of
Spartan Phalantus.
That of earth's nooks smiles on me more than any:
Not to Hymettic second is its honey:
Rivals its olives are to e'en Venafrum's
Verdurous berries.
There a long spring, there doth a genial winter,
Jupiter's grace bestow, and Aulon, friendly
To the grape's growth, upon Falernum's vintage
Looks not with envy.

Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mire sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.

VI. AD SEPTIMIUM.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Aestuat unda:
Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meae sedes utinam senectae;
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
Militiaeque;
Unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi
Flumen, et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalantho.
Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridet; ubi non Hymettō
Mella decedunt, viridique certat
Baca Venafro;
Ver ubi longum, tepidasque praebet
Juppiter brumas; et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.

Thee and me both, that place, those happy uplands
Summon: 'tis there that thou, with tearful tribute,
Shalt the warm ashes of a poet sprinkle,
Him whom thou lovest.

Pompeius Varus must not be confounded, as until lately he very generally was, with the Pompeius Grosphus of Ode xvi. of this Book.

OFTEN reduced to last extremity
When, under Brutus, in campaign with me,
Who gives thee back in burgher-guise
To our Italian gods and skies,
Pompeius, foremost among friends of mine?
With whom, the lingering day I oft with wine
Have cleft, while Syrian odours breathed
From my sheen locks with chaplets wreathed.
With thee in headlong flight from Philippi
I shared, and left my shield not laudably,
When shattered valour's haughtiest
On the base earth their chins impressed.
But me, appalled and wrapt in thickened air,
Through the foe's midst did fleet Mercurius bear,
While thee again to raging war
Back the resorbent billows bore.
Wherefore to Jove his due of viands pay,
And thy limbs, tired with long campaigning, lay
Under my laurel, lavishly
Broaching the cask reserved for thee.

Ille te mecum locus, et beatae
Postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici.

VII. AD POMPEIUM VARUM.

O SAEPE mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte Bruto militiae duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis, Italoque caelo,
Pompei, meorum prime sodalium?
Cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
Fregi, coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos.
Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi, relicta non bene parmula,
Cum fracta virtus, et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.
Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aëre;
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit aestuosis.
Ergo obligatam redde Jovi dapem
Longaque fessum militia latus
Depone sub lauru mea nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.

With my oblivious Massic plenish well
The polished bowls, and from their ample shell
Pour forth the unguents. Whose the care
Impromptu parsley to prepare
Or myrtle garlands? Whom as toastmaster
Will Venus name? Like Thracian reveller
Will I carouse: to me 'tis sweet,
Madly, a friend regained to greet.

From 'internal evidence,' says Lord Lytton, 'it seems to me'—as it does likewise to the present translator—'that a real person was certainly here addressed, and in a tone which, to such a person, would have been the most exquisite flattery; and as certainly that the person is not so addressed by a lover.'

If for thy violated oath, Barine,
Ever did any punishment molest thee;
If by one tooth or finger tip emblackened
Thou wert disfigured;
Then I might trust thee: but no sooner hast thou
Bound thy false head with vows, than all the brighter
Shinest thou forth, and show'st thyself the public
Care of the youngsters.
Gain to thee 'tis to cheat thy mother's buried
Ashes, night's mute insignia, and heaven's
Utmost expanse, and deities exempt from
Frigid extinction.
Venus herself smiles at thee, I acknowledge:
Facile Nymphs smile, ferocious Cupid smiles too,
He who on whetstone, blood-besprinkled, sharpens
Darts ever burning.

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple; funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas
Curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi? Non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis: recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

VIII. IN BARINEM.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Poena, Barine, nocuisset unquam;
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui,
Crederem. Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.
Expedit matris cineres opertos
Fallere, et toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum caelo, gelidaque divos
Morte carentes.
Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa; rident
Simplices Nymphae, ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruenta.

Add that for thee our striplings all are growing—
Growing up future slaves; nor do the oldsters,
Albeit often threat'ning, leave their faithless
Mistress's mansion.
Mothers detest thee, for their bull-calves fearing:
Thrifty old men, and miserable damsels
Newly espoused, who tremble lest thy magic
Deaden their husbands.

C. Valgius Rufus, a poet of much merit, is here, on some occasion of public rejoicing, called upon to desist from writing elegies on the death of a young friend, and to employ himself on the praises of Augustus.

Clouds do not always on the rugged plains
Pour down their showers: inconstant hurricanes
Not always plague the Caspian sea:
Nor on the coasts of Armeny
Dear Valgius, does the sluggish sheet-ice last
Throughout all months: nor does the northern blast
Garganian oaks for ever lash,
Nor widow of its leaves the ash.
But you with mournful numbers always are
Tracking lost Mystes; nor, when evening's star
Rises, nor when anon it flies
The swift sun, cease your elegies.
Yet was not thrice-aged Nestor all his years
For amiable Antilochus in tears,
Nor were his parents always, nor
His Phrygian sisters, weeping for

Adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
Servitus crescit nova; nec priores
Impiae tectum dominae relinquunt,
Saepe minati.
Te suis matres metuunt juvencis,
Te senes parci, miseraeque nuper
Virgines nuptae, tua ne retardet
Aura maritos.

IX. AD VALGIUM.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
Manant in agros, aut mare Caspium
Vexant inaequales procellae
Usque, nec Armeniis in oris,
Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes, aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant
Et foliis viduantur orni:
Tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
Surgente decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.
At non ter aevo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
Annos, nec impubem parentes
Troïlon aut Phrygiae sorores

Young Troilus. Cease then your tender wail
At length, and rather join with me to hail
Augustus Cæsar's victories,
His last: Niphates, stiff with ice,
And Media's river, added to his list
Of subjects—rolling onward waves decreased;
And the Gelonians riding o'er
More narrow tracts than heretofore.

Licinius Murena 'was apparently a man of restless and ambitious character,' and Horace may have addressed this Ode to him to warn him of the tendencies of his disposition. He belonged to the college of augurs (see Ode iii. 19), had a house at Formiae, where he received Maecenas and his party on their way to Brundusium, and was finally condemned and put to death on a charge of having plotted against the life of Augustus.

LICINIUS, more correctly
Life's voyage would you take,
Don't at all times directly
For middle ocean make:
And, when through caution fearing
The wind's tempestuous roar,
Avoid too closely steering
Beside a dangerous shore.

What man is there pursuing
Only the golden mean?
Secure he is, eschewing
The foul disorder seen

Flevere semper. Desine mollium
Tandem querelarum, et potius nova
Cantemus Augusti tropaea
Caesaris, et rigidum Niphaten,
Medumque flumen gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vertices,
Intraque praescriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

X. AD LICINIUM MURENAM.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo; neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Littus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti

In old decaying dwelling;
Calm too, eschewing all
Ambitious thoughts impelling
To envied palace hall.

Pine-tree that rises higher,
The winds more often shake;
Turrets that most aspire,
The heaviest downfall make;
Mountains that nighest heaven
Their lofty summits raise,
Are those on which the levin
With greatest fury plays.

He who by wise tuition
Has well prepared his mind,
Looks ever for transition—
With fear, if fortune's kind;
With hope, if she disguises
Her face with frowns; for Jove
Who winter drear devises
Doth winter too remove.

When evil 'tis, does't follow
That 'twill be always so?
Nor always does Apollo
Appear with bended bow.
Anon the Muse's slumbers
His inspiration breaks,
And to melodious numbers
The silent lyre awakes.

Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

Saepius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus; et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres; feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene praeparatum
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
Juppiter, idem

Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Misfortunes round thee closing
With gallant heart confront;
With fortitude opposing,
Sustain their fiercest brunt.
When favouring wind excelling
In strength becomes a gale,
Regard your canvas swelling,
And wisely shorten sail.

'Minorem' in line 11 is translated 'drudge' in deference to Mr. Macleane, who says that the word, like ἥσσων, signifies 'the victim of' or 'a slave to.' I don't think I need apologise for coining the word 'nardine' used in line 16. If an ointment made from nard were now-a-days in use, that would certainly be the name which English perfumers would give it.

LEAVE asking, my Quintius Hirpinus, what 'tis
That the warlike Cantabrian meditates, or
The Scyths, interposed between us and whom is
The Adrian: and be not solicitous for

The requirements of life, which but little requires.
Our youth and good looks lightly off from us sweep,
And sapless old age baffles wanton desires,
And drives away also our once ready sleep.

Spring blossoms not always retain the same hue:
With one visage not always the vivid moon shines:
Why weary your soul with such constant ado,
And make it the drudge of ne'er-ending designs?

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.

XI. AD QUINTIUM HIRPINUM.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Hadria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quaerere; nec trepides in usum

Poscentis aevi pauca. Fugit retro
Levis juventas et decor, arida
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilemque somnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honor
Vernis, neque uno Luna rubens nitet
Voltu: quid aeternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?

Why not, lying carelessly, even as now,
Whether under tall plane-tree or under this pine,
With roses perfuming our tresses of snow,
And anointing ourselves with Assyrian nardine,

Why not drink while we may? no disperser like liquor
Of cankering care. Which boy there will chill
These goblets of fiery Falernian quicker,
Immersing them under yon running stream's rill?

Which will lure from home Lyde, that naughty recluse?
Away: bid her come with her ivory lute,
And make haste, and not mind though her hair be all loose:
A plain knot, Spartan fashion, will very well suit.

Licymnia is supposed to be another name for Terentia, the beautiful wife of Maecenas.

To my cithern's soft music desire not of me,
That I set the long tale of Numantia's fierce war;
Or of Annibal dire, or Sicilian sea
Empurpled with dark Carthaginian gore:
Or of Lapithae cruel, or over-indulgent
Hylaeus in wine, or those youths whom the might
Of Alcides subdued, that earth-brood who the fulgent
Abode of old Saturn o'erwhelmed with affright.
Thee, rather, in sober historical strains
Of narrating, Maecenas, the office befits,
Caesar's battles, and menacing monarchs in chains
Triumphantly dragged by the neck through our streets.

Cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere, et rosa
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

Potamus uncti? Dissipat Euius
Curas edaces. Quis puer ocius
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula praetereunte lympha?

Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? Eburna, dic age, cum lyra
Maturet, in comptum Lacaenae
More comas religata nodum.

XII. AD MAECENATEM.

Nolis longa ferae bella Numantiae,
Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare
Poeno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharae modis;
Nec saevos Lapithas, et nimium mero
Hylaeum, domitosque Herculea manu
Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
Fulgens contremuit domus
Saturni veteris. Tuque pedestribus
Dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
Maecenas, meïus, ductaque per vias
Regum colla minacium.

Me, the gentle Muse bids that I take as my theme
My lady Licymnia: bids me approve
Her eyes that with fulgent lucidity stream,
Her bosom responsive to mutual love.
To bear step in the dance is to her no disgrace,
Nor in contest of wit to take part, or in play
Wherein hers with the arms of fair maidens enlace
On far-famed Diana's high festival day.
One hair of Licymnia's would you exchange
For all rich Achaemenes ever possess'd,
All Mygdonian wealth within Phrygian range,
All the full magazines with which Arabs are bless'd?
While her neck, to the feverish kisses you lavish,
She bends; or, with witching austereness, denies
What she gladlier would that the asker should ravish,
And in ravishing which she herself at times vies.

Horace seems to have been deeply impressed by his escape from a falling tree. He repeatedly alludes to it.

BOTH evil day was that, O tree, when first,
Whoe'er 'twas, planted thee; and hand accurst
That reared our hamlet's shame in thee,
And mischief to posterity.
That he his father strangled I must still
Believe, and that his inner domicile
He with guest's blood at night bespattered.
He Colchian poisons must have catered,

Me dulces dominae Musa Licymniae
Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
Fulgentes oculos, et bene mutuis
Fidum pectus amoribus;
Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris,
Nec certare joco, nec dare brachia
Ludentem nitidis virginibus, sacro
Dianae celebris die.
Num tu, quae tenuit dives Achaemenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes,
Permutare velis crine Licymniae,
Plenas aut Arabum domos?
Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili saevitia negat,
Quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet.

XIII. IN ARBOREM.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
Quicunque primum, et sacrilega manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi.
Illum et parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, et penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis. Ille venena Colchica,

With whatsoever bane is anywhere
Conceived, who gave to field of mine to bear
Thee, odious log, that thou withal
On a good master's head shouldst fall.
Against what all should shun, men nowhere are
Always enough on guard. The Tyrian tar,
Whom Bosphorus frightens, does not fear
Blind fate's assault from otherwhere.
Arrows, that fast-retreating Parthians shower,
Our soldiers dread; Parthians, Italian power
And fetters: but unlooked-for death
Has reft and will reave nation's breath.
How nearly was I then the kingdom seeing
Of pale Prosèrpine! Aeacus decreeing
Blest mansions, piety's rewards,
And Sappho, on Aeolian chords
Of her compatriot maidens plaining:
And thee, Alcaeus, thy gold harp constraining
With ampler cadence to expose
Ocean's, and war's, and exile's woes!
Both do the ghosts admire, thus uttering things
Worthy mute awe: but most that which *he* sings,
Who frays and banished lords describes,
The ear of elbowing crowd imbibes.
What marvel, when the hundred-headed beast,
Lulled by those songs, sleeps with black ears depressed,
And serpents, that the hair entwine
Of Furies, shew themselves benign?
Nay e'en Prometheus and Pelop's sire
Forget in the sweet sound their labours dire:

Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas,
Tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
Te triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.
Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas. Navita Bosporum
Poenus perhorrescit, neque ultra
Caeca timet aliunde fata.
Miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi; catenas Parthus, et Italum
Robur: sed improvisa leti
Vis rapuit rapietque gentes.
Quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae,
Et judicantem vidimus Aeacum,
Sedesque discretas piorum, et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem
Sappho puellis de popularibus,
Et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcaee, plectro, dura navis,
Dura fugae mala, dura belli!
Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur umbrae dicere; sed magis
Pugnas et exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure volgus.
Quid mirum? ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras belua centiceps
Aures, et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?
Quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum decipitur sono;

Nor any more to hunt the lion
Or timid lynx now cares Orion.

Whoever Postumus was—a point upon which there is the usual disagreement among commentators—this Ode, Mr. Macleane justly observes, 'is clearly one of those to which any other name might as well have been prefixed, since it only deals with Horace's ordinary commonplace, the certainty of death for all men.'

Ah, Postumus! ah, Postumus! ah me!
The fleeting years glide by, and no delay
From wrinkles or old age can piety
Win, or from death's indomitable sway.
Not although offering, oft as day recurs,
Three hundred steers, will you prevail upon
Inexorable Pluto, who immures
Tityon and triply monstrous Geryon,
Girdled by tristful water—that, to wit,
The which to navigate all we, who feed
On earth's munificence, must fain submit—
Rich lords, alike, and hinds in utmost need.
In vain do we ensanguined Mars abjure,
And the hoarse Adriatic's broken waves:
In vain we guard against the breath impure
Of southern gales that fill autumnal graves:
Visited must the black Cocytus be
Wandering with languid flow: the infamous
Danaan race; and sentenced endlessly
To labour, the Aeolid Sisyphus.

Nec curat Orion leones
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

XIV. AD POSTUMUM.

Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet, indomitaeque morti:
Non si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrymabilem
Plutona tauris; qui ter amplum
Geryonen, Tityonque tristi
Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terrae munere vescimur,
Enaviganda; sive reges,
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae;
Frustra per auctumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.
Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans, et Danai genus
Infame, damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Your house and lands and comely wife must all
Be left behind, and from amongst the trees
You tend, shall follow their brief master's call
None except only hateful cypresses.
A worthier heir the Caecuban shall drain
Which you have guarded with a hundred keys,
And noble wine the rammered floor shall stain,
Choicer than that which pontiffs' banquet sees.

Supposed to have been composed in order to recommend and promote the social reform attempted by Augustus.

Few acres for the plough will presently
These palace piles have left: on every side
Will be seen fish-ponds of extent more wide
Than Lucrine lake, and elms displaced will be
By spouseless planes. Then beds of violet,
Myrtles, and every sweetly smelling thing
Their odours will through olive gardens fling
Which for their owners teem with fruit as yet.
Thick laurel bushes then will form a screen
'Gainst fervid sunstrokes. Not by Romulus
Nor bearded Cato was it ordered thus:
Not such our fathers' practices have been.
Their private revenues were small: but great
The public wealth. Neither for private pleasure
Were then verandahs built of ten feet measure,
The shaded northern breeze to sequestrate.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
Te, praeter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet heres Caecuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus, et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo
Pontificum potiore coenis.

XV.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiae
Moles relinquent; undique latius
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu: platanusque caelebs
Evincet ulmos; tum violaria, et
Myrtus et omnis copia narium,
Spargent olivetis odorem
Fertilibus domino priori;
Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
Praescriptum, et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque norma.
Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum: nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton;

To scorn the thatch-roofed cot their laws forbade,
Commanding that, at public cost, abodes
Of civic state, and temples of the gods
Should be with carvings of new stone arrayed.

Pompeius Grosphus is supposed to have been a rich Sicilian knight. In a letter of introduction to Iccius, Horace describes him as one who might be readily obliged, inasmuch as he would ask nothing improper.

For quiet are the gods by him besought
Who in the wide Aegean sea is caught
When black clouds hide the moon, and there is not
A star the seamen guiding:
For quiet, furiously warring Thrace
Seeks, Grosphus mine, and Medes whom quivers grace;
Quiet which jewels, gold, or purple dress
Avail not for providing.

For neither regal wealth, nor consular
Lictor avails to drive away the care
And wretched tumults of the mind which are
Round paneled ceilings flying.
He happily on little lives, on whose
Plain board the family salt-cellar glows.
Who naught of fear or sordid avarice knows
Sleep's gentle balm denying.

Why fling away our short-lived energies
On numerous schemes? Why regions colonise

Nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico
Sumptu jubentes, et deorum
Templa novo decorare saxo.

XVI. AD POMPEIUM GROSPHUM.

Otium divos rogat in patente
Prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis;
Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura venale neque auro.

Non enim gazae neque consularis
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
Mentis, et curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.
Vivitur parvo bene cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur aevo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes

Warmed by another sun? Does he who flies
His home, himself too banish?
Pestilent care mounts brazen-beakèd ships,
And closely up with troops of horsemen keeps,
With pace that stags and the east-wind outstrips—
Wind that bids storm-clouds vanish.

The mind that joyous for the present is,
Hates care for aught beyond, and bitterness
Tempers with tranquil smile. There is no bliss
On every side completed.
Death bore Achilles in his bloom away;
Age to Tithonus granted lengthened stay;
What time to you denies, there haply may
To me by her be meted.

Round you a hundred flocks and herds there are
And kine Sicilian lowing—and a mare
Neighs, fit already for the four-wheeled car:
Twice steeped has been your clothing
In Afric's dye. To me true fates assign
A little farm, and of the Grecian Nine
Some tincture, and vouchsafe that the malign
Vulgar I count as nothing.

Maecenas was a confirmed valetudinarian, and had of death a horror with which, as this Ode may suffice to show, he was prone to entertain his friends.

WHY torture me with thy forebodings dire?
That thou, Maecenas mine, should'st first depart,

Sole mutamus? Patriae quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?
Scandit aeratas vitiosa naves
Cura, nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocior cervis, et agente nimbos
Ocior Euro.

Laetus in praesens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare, et amara lento
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.
Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum Siculaeque circum
Mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa, ; te bis Afro
Murice tinctae
Vestiunt lanae: mihi parva rura et
Spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere volgus.

XVII. AD MAECENATEM.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?
Nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius

Nor do the gods, nor does myself desire—
Thou who my lot's chief stay and glory art?
Ah! if untimely fate should bear away
With thee one portion of my soul, how then,
Reft of its mate and crippled, shall delay
The other remnant? That day on us twain
Shall bring destruction. No perfidious oath
Was that I swore. Together we shall go,
Shall go when thou precedest: comrades both
Prepared to journey to the shades below.
Me never, or Chimaera breathing flame,
Or, if he rise again, shall rend from thee
The hundred-handed Gyas. Such the claim
Of potent justice, such the Fates' decree.
Whether the Scales or Scorpion malign
Had the ascendant at my natal hour,
Or, tyrant of Hesperian waves, the sign
Of Capricorn, had then the fiercer power,
The horoscopes of both of us agree
In mode incredible. The lustrous aid
Of Jove from barbarous Saturn rescued thee,
And eager destiny's fleet wings delayed,
When the dense audience in the theatre
Thrice, into cheers of joyous welcome broke.
Me, had the hand of Faunus, tutelar
Of men Mercurial, lightened not the stroke,
A tree, down-falling on my head, had slain.
Be thou, the victims due to dedicate
Mindful, and to erect the votive fane;
Myself a humble lamb will immolate.

Obire, Maecenas, mearum
Grande decus columenque rerum.
Ah! te meae si partem animae rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus aeque, nec superstes
Integer? Ille dies utramque
Ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque praecedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.
Me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae,
Nec si resurgat centimanus Gyas,
Divellet unquam: sic potenti
Justitiae placitumque Parcis.
Seu Libra, seu me Scorpios adspicit
Formidolosus, pars violentior
Natalis horae, seu tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undae;
Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum. Te Jovis impio
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit, volucrisque Fati
Tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
Laetum theatris ter crepuit sonum:
Me truncus illapsus cerebro
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
Dextra levasset, Mercurialium
Custos virorum. Reddere victimas,
Aedemque votivam memento:
Nos humilem feriemus agnam.

This Ode is inscribed to no particular person, being indeed of universal application.

THERE glitters not within my dwelling
Or ivory or gilded ceiling:
Upheld are no Hymettian beams
On columns carved in the extremes
Of Afric. Of no Attalus
Chance heir, do I his royal house
Possess: no lady-helps of mine
Lacedaemonian purples twine.
But virtue and a liberal flow
Of wit are mine, and me, though poor,
The wealthy court. For nothing more
The gods I weary. Rich enow
With my one single Sabine plot,
To my great friend I clamour not
For larger gifts. Day thrusts on day,
New moons wane hastily away;
Yet, though the grave before you yawn,
You give out marble to be sawn:
Oblivious of the sepulchre,
Build houses: nay, as though you were
Not rich enough while cramped within
The coast-line, strive new sites to win
By throwing out the Baian shore
To where the sea noised heretofore.
Why, e'en your neighbours' land-marks move,
And rack your tenantry above

XVIII.

Non ebur, neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar:
Non trabes Hymettiae
Premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
Ignotus heres regiam occupavi:
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestae purpuras clientae.
At fides et ingeni
Benigna vena est; pauperemque dives
Me petit: Nihil supra
Deos lacesso, nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die,
Novaeque pergunt interire lunae:
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulcri
Immemor struis domos;
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid, quod usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium

The compact's terms? Ousted from home,
The husband and the housewife roam,
And with them, in their bosoms borne,
Their household gods and babes forlorn.
Yet surelier does no hall await
Its wealthy lord, than that by fate
Assigned within insatiate
Orcus. Why farther stretch? Just earth
Alike for boys of royal birth
And paupers opens. Uncajoled
The ferryman of Hell by gold,
Crafty Prometheus never rowed
Again across. In his abode
He haughty Tantalus imprisons
And all his kindred. To the poor,
Discharged at length from labour dour,
Invoked or not invoked, he listens.

Whether this Ode be or be not a mere translation from the Greek, it would almost certainly never have been written if Horace had not read and admired Greek poems of the same character. Still I am inclined to agree with Lord Lytton, that Mr. Macleane rather unduly disparages it.

Mid rocks remote 'twas mine Bacchus to see
Reciting chants (doubt not, posterity),
And listening nymphs, and pricked-up ears,
Those which goat-footed Satyr wears.

Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In sinu ferens deos
Et uxor, et vir, sordidosque natos:
Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci fine destinata
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Aequa tellus
Pauperi recluditur,
Regumque pueris; nec satelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum
Tantalum, atque Tantali
Genus coërcet: hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus,
Vocatus, atque non vocatus, audit.

XIX. IN BACCHUM.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite posteri)
Nymphasque discentes, et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Evoe! my soul with recent terror quakes,
And joy of heart, by Bacchus stirred, partakes.
Evoe! Spare, Liber, pr'ythee spare,
Tremendous with thine ivied spear!
To me, of wanton Thyades to sing
'Tis given, of jets of wine, of brooks that bring
Streams of milk down, and of the cells
In hollow trees, whence honey wells:
And of the glory added to the sky
By thy blest bride, and the inclemency
That Pentheus' palace could efface
And crush Lycurgus, Prince of Thrace.
O'er rivers and barbarian sea thou reign'st.
Thou, dewy, mid sequestered cliffs, constrain'st
Bistonides their hair to tie
With knotted vipers harmlessly.
Thou, when the impious band of giants scaled
The heavens, and thy father's realms assailed,
Did'st Rhoetus with thy terrible
Leonine jaws and tusks repel.
Although more fit for play and jokes and dance
Reported, and to warlike dalliance
Unequal, as in peace, e'en so
In conflict thou thy might did'st show.
On thee did Cerberus benignly look
Decked with thine horns of gold, and gently shook
His tail; and with his tongue three-peaked
Thy legs and feet departing licked.

Evoe! recenti mens trepidat metu
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Laetatur. Evoe! parce Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrso!
Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyadas,
Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
Cantare rivos, atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella:
Fas et beatae conjugis additum
Stellis honorem, tectaque Penthei
Disjecta non leni ruina,
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.
Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum:
Tu separatis uvidus in jugis
Nodo coërces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines.
Tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
Unguibus, horribilique mala:
Quamquam, choreis aptior et jocis
Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus
Pugnae ferebaris: sed idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli.
Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
Caudam; et recedentis trilingui
Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

Horace knew as well as most poets how to praise himself and his works, but on this occasion he seems to have thought that it would be as well to appear to be only half in earnest in doing so.

A BIFORM poet, not on wings outworn
Or frail, shall I through aether's lymph be borne.
No! lingering upon earth no more,
To envy's taunts superior,
I will quit cities. I, Maecenas dear,
Whom for my humble parentage they jeer,
I shall not perish, nor shall I
Pent within Stygian waters lie.
E'en now rough fleeces on my legs alight,
And, from above, into a snowy white
Swan, I am changed, and with light down
Fingers and shoulders are o'ergrown.
Now, songbird, than Daedalian Icarus
More fleet, to shores of murmuring Bosphorus,
And to Gaetulian shoals, will I,
And Hyperborean meadows, fly.
Me Colchian, far Gelonian, Dacian who
His fear of Marsian cohort hides, shall know:
My teaching, drinkers of the Rhone
And erudite Iberian, own.
Away with dirge, and empty obsequies,
And mean regrets, and querimonious cries!
Clamour repress—omit for me
The tomb's superfluous vanity.

XX.

Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ biformis per liquidum aethera
  Vates; neque in terris morabor
    Longius, invidiaque major
Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego quem vocant,
  Dilecte Maecenas, obibo,
    Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.
Jam jam residunt cruribus asperae
Pelles, et album mutor in alitem
  Superne, nascunturque leves
    Per digitos humerosque plumae.
Jam Daedaleo ocior Icaro
Visam gementis litora Bospori
  Syrtesque Gaetulas canorus
    Ales Hyperboreosque campos.
Me Colchus, et qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis Dacus, et ultimi
  Noscent Geloni; me peritus
    Discet Hiber, Rhodanique potor.
Absint inani funere neniae,
Luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
  Compesce clamorem, ac sepulcri
    Mitte supervacuos honores.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK III.

'When Augustus had brought the civil wars to an end, B.C. 28, he applied himself to the reformation of manners, and Horace probably wrote this and other Odes to promote the reforms of Augustus—perhaps by his desire, or by that of Maecenas. They were probably all written between B.C. 28 and 25, and should be read together.' The general purport of this Ode is an exhortation to moderate living and desires. The first stanza is generally regarded as an introduction to this Ode and to the five immediately following.

I HATE and drive away the crowd profane.
Be chary with your words. Behold, in strain
Not heard before, the Muses' hierophant,
Do I to maidens and to boys descant.
Of their own subjects sovereigns are the dread:
Of sovereigns' selves is Jove the sovereign head.
For triumph over giants famed, the God
Shakes universal being with his nod.
This man than that, plants trees in furrowed rows
Over more ground. To Campus Martius goes
One candidate of better pedigree:
Better in morals and repute than he
Contends a second, while a denser herd
Of client followers waits upon a third.
E'en so Necessity's impartial law
Assigns to all alike one lot to draw:
Whether low-placed or eminent in fame,
The urn capacious stirs their every name.
With drawn sword dangling o'er his impious head,
Him who is with Sicilian dainties fed

I.

Odi profanum volgus et arceo:
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
  Audita Musarum sacerdos
    Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,
  Clari Giganteo triumpho,
    Cuncta supercilio moventis.
Est ut viro vir latius ordinet
Arbusta sulcis: hic generosior
  Descendat in Campum petitor:
    Moribus hic meliorque fama
Contendat: illi turba clientium
Sit major. Aequa lege Necessitas
  Sortitur insignes et imos:
    Omne capax movet urna nomen.
Districtus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes

Their savour sweet affects not, nor is he
Composed by bird or cithern's melody
To gentle sleep—sleep yet disdaining not
To dwell within the peasant's lowly cot,
Or on the shady river bank, or where
In Tempe, Zephyrs agitate the air.
Not Ocean's rage solicitude inspires
In him who than enough no more requires:
Not savage tempest when Arcturus sets,
Nor that which Haedus at his rise begets,
Not vineyards prostrate beneath scourging hail,
Not treacherous soil, not fruit-trees that bewail
Now flooding rain, now flaming stars, which blight
His meadows, and anon the winter's spite.
Fishes perceive their limits narrowing
Where some contractor and his workmen fling
Into the deep, stone basements, at command
Of magnate deigning not to dwell on land.
But a foreboding consciousness and fear
Scale with him the same eminence. Black care
Never the brazen-sheathèd trireme quits,
And ever at the horseman's crupper sits.
But, if to mitigate the soul's distress,
Nought avail Phrygian marbles, purple dress
Of more than starry gloss, Falernian juice,
Or scents distilled for Achaemenean use,
Why should I build myself a towering pile,
With envied columns in the modern style?
Why, in exchange for wealth's oppressive weight,
Desire my Sabine vale to abdicate?

Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharaeque cantus
Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
Desiderantem quod satis est, neque
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,
Nec saevus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Haedi,
Non verberatae grandine vineae,
Fundusque mendax; arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.
Contracta pisces aequora sentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus. Huc frequens
Caementa demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominusque terrae
Fastidiosus. Sed Timor et Minae
Scandunt eodem quo dominus: neque
Decedit aerata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.
Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus, nec Falerna
Vitis Achaemeniumque costum;
Cur invidendis postibus et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?

'The purpose of this Ode is to commend public and social virtue; and the opening shows that it is a continuation of the preceding Ode.' There is high authority for treating 'amice,' in the first line, as an adverb.

PINCHING privation to learn well to bear,
Let the stout youth in sharp campaign take share;
A cavalier, redoubtable with lance,
Harassing the ferocious Parthians.

Let him 'neath open heaven lead a life
Of peril. Him may warring tyrant's wife,
With nubile daughter, from the rampart's crest
Descry, for royal consort sighing lest,

Alas, that he, unversed in strategy,
Adventure in close conflict to defy
The savage lion, whose ensanguined wrath
Through midst of carnage wrests for him a path.

Seemly and sweet to die for fatherland!
Death close pursues the flying veteran, and
Exempts as little from his fell attack
Unwarlike stripling's knees and timid back.

Virtue, which naught of shame for failure knows,
With uncontaminated brilliance glows,
Nor takes nor drops at fickle mob's decree
Her ensigns of intrinsic dignity.

II.

ANGUSTAM, amice, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat; et Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hasta;

Vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
In rebus: illum ex moenibus hosticis
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Prospiciens et adulta virgo

Suspiret, eheu! ne rudis agminum
Sponsus lacessat regius asperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira caedes.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventae
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis aurae.

Virtue, to the deserving not to die
Unclosing heaven, unhopeliest course doth try,
And slippery ground and vulgar gathering
Spurns, borne aloft upon retiring wing.

To loyal silence too is its secure
Reward; myself will not endure
'Neath the same roof, in the same bark with me
Him who betrays Cererian mystery

To vulgar audience. Resenting slight,
Guiltless with guilty oft doth Jove unite.
Rarely doth not slow-footed punishment
The evil-doer's onward flight prevent.

According to Suetonius, Julius Caesar was believed to have thought of transferring the seat of empire from Rome to Troy; and it would seem that the idea was subsequently revived, and that Horace composed this Ode in order to combat it.

THE upright man, and of determined mind,
Not people's rage, vile courses ordering,
Not rigid aspect of despotic king,
Shakes from his firm resolve; nor wild south wind,—

Ruler by restless Adria obeyed,—
Nor the almighty hand of thundering Jove.
Though a crushed world o'erwhelm him from above,
The ruins strike upon him undismayed.

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Caelum, negata tentat iter via;
Coetusque volgares, et udam
Spernit humum fugiente penna.

Est et fideli tuta silentio
Merces: vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcanae, sub isdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemve mecum

Solvat phaselon. Saepe Diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum.
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Poena claudo.

III.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non voltus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster

Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis.
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae.

Strong in this strength, the starry citadels,
Pollux and roving Hercules attained:
'Twixt whom reclining, and, with purple-stained
Lips, quaffing nectar, now Augustus dwells.

In this excelling, Father Bacchus, thee,
Thy tigers drew, bearing thy yoke upon
Indocile necks: with this from Acheron,
Did, upon steeds of Mars, Quirinus flee,

Juno, in council of approving gods,
Having thus spoken: 'Ilion, Ilion,
By fatal and incestuous judge undone,
And by a foreign harlot, thy abodes

With thy whole people and perfidious king,
Attaint to chaste Minerva and to me,
E'er since the gods of their appointed fee
Laomedon deprived—are mouldering

Now to dust. No longer the vile guest
Of Sparta's strumpet glories; neither can
Ever hereafter Priam's perjured clan
Through Hector's aid with warlike Greeks contest.

By our seditions lengthened out, the war
Is now appeased. Henceforth my bitter ire
And hated grandson unto Mars, his sire,
To whom the child a Trojan priestess bore,

Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
Enisus arces attigit igneas:
Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

Hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuae
Vexere tigres indocili jugum
Collo trahentes; hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

Gratum elocuta consiliantibus
Junone divis: Ilion, Ilion
Fatalis incestusque judex,
Et mulier peregrina vertit

In pulverem, ex quo destituit deos
Mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
Castaeque damnatum Minervae,
Cum populo et duce fraudulento.

Jam nec Lacaenae splendet adulterae
Famosus hospes, nec Priami domus
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit:

Nostrisque ductum seditionibus
Bellum resedit. Protinus et graves
Iras, et invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos

Do I resign. The radiant abodes
I suffer him to enter, and imbibe
Nectarean juice: forbid not to inscribe
His name on list of quiet-loving Gods.

Provided that 'twixt Rome and Ilion
Wide Ocean rage, o'er whatsoe'er domain
They will, those favoured fugitives may reign.
So long as herds of cattle trample on

The graves of Paris and his sire, and there
Wild beasts unpunished hide their cubs, still may
The splendid Capitol remain: the sway
Of ruthless Rome the conquered Medes still bear.

Tremendous, let her to remotest strand
Spread her name wide, to where the midland sea
Europe's expanse divides from Africa,
And where the swollen Nile o'erflows the land—

Stronger through scorn of unfound gold, then best
Placed when earth buries it, than if intent
To make it to man's use subservient,
With hands that every sacred object wrest.

Whatever quarter of the world resist,
That, may she conquer, eager to explore
Where dewy clouds their pluvial torrents pour,
Where fires aerial revel as they list.

Marti redonabo. Illum ego lucidas
Inire sedes, ducere nectaris
Succos, et adscribi quietis
Ordinibus patiar deorum.

Dum longus inter saeviat Ilion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exsules
In parte regnanto beati.
Dum Priami Paridisque busto

Insultet armentum et catulos ferae
Celent inultae, stet Capitolium
Fulgens, triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare jura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras, qua medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro,
Qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus,

Aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm,
Cum terra celat, spernere fortior,
Quam cogere humanos in usus
Omne sacrum rapiente dextra.

Quicunque mundo terminus obstitit,
Hunc tangat armis, visere gestiens
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Qua nebulae pluviique rores.

But upon one condition I declare
This lot to the Quirites, that they ne'er,
Over-religious or o'erweening, dare
Ancestral Ilion's mansions to repair.

Such new, ill-omened birth of Ilion
Renewal of destruction dire shall prove,
Myself, the sister and the wife of Jove,
The conquering battalions leading on.

If thrice a wall of brass arise again,
With Phoebus founder, thrice, too, shall it be
Razed by my Argives: thrice in agony
Shall captive wife mourn sons and husband slain.'

But ill these things my merry cithern suit.
Where wendest thou, my Muse? Cease, indiscreet,
Speeches by gods delivered, to repeat,
Nor lofty themes with paltry strains dilute.

Pursuing his purpose, Horace here commends the power of wisdom and learning in subduing brute force and violent passions.

DESCEND from heaven, O Queen Calliope!
And make with pipe sustainèd melody;
Unless should rather be thine own clear voice,
Or lyre of Phoebus, with its strings, thy choice.

Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
Hac lege dico, ne nimium pii
Rebusque fidentes, avitae
Tecta velint reparare Troiae.

Troiae renascens alite lugubri
Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus aëneus,
Auctore Phoebo, ter pereat meis
Excisus Argivis; ter uxor
Capta virum puerosque ploret.

Non haec jocosae conveniunt lyrae.
Quo, Musa, tendis? Desine pervicax
Referre sermones deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

IV. AD CALLIOPEN.

Descende caelo, et dic age tibiâ,
Regina, longum, Calliope, melos,
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus citharaque Phoebi.

Hear ye not? or doth phrensy's charm beguile
Me, fancying that I see and hear her, while
She wanders through the consecrated grove,
Where grateful airs and grateful waters rove?
While yet a child, o'ercome with sport and sleep,
I lay beside Apulian Vultur's steep,
Beyond my nurse, Apulia's boundary,
Storied wood-doves with fresh leaves covered me;
All they soe'er who occupy the nest
Built upon lofty Acherontia's crest,
Or Bantine forest, or the cultured lea
Of low Ferentum's fat fertility,
Wondering, that from black adder and from bear,
Secure my infant form lay slumbering there,
With sacred laurel and mixed myrtle strewed,
Nor with the breath that gods breathe unendued.
Yours, Muses, when upraised on Sabine height,
Yours am I, when the rather me invite
Praeneste cool, or Tibur's sloping hill,
Or Baiae gurgling with its many a rill.
Me, who your founts and choirs with friendly eye
Regard, did not defeat at Philippi
Extinguish; neither that accursed tree,
Nor Palinurus on Sicilian sea.
While ye are with me, a bold sailor, I
The raving Bosphorus content will try:
A wayfarer along Assyrian shore,
Its arid sands contentedly explore.

Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire, et videor pios
  Errare per lucos, amoenae
    Quos et aquae subeunt et aurae.
Me fabulosae Vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliae
  Ludo fatigatumque somno
    Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere: mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicunque celsae nidum Acherontiae
  Saltusque Bantinos, et arvum
    Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti,
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
  Lauroque collataque myrto,
    Non sine dis animosus infans.
Vester, Camenae, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos; seu mihi frigidum
  Praeneste seu Tibur supinum,
    Seu liquidae placuere Baiae.
Vestris amicum fontibus et choris,
Non me Philippis versa acies retro,
  Devota non exstinxit arbos,
    Nec Sicula Palinurus unda.
Utcunque mecum vos eritis, libens
Insanientem navita Bosporum
  Tentabo, et urentes arenas,
    Litoris Assyrii viator.

Britons, with foreign guest at savage feud,
Concanians revelling in horses' blood,
Quivered Gelones, Scythian river's roar,
In me shall find an unscathed visitor.
By you was mighty Caesar solaced when,
His cohorts, wearied with prolonged campaign,
In towns he quartered, and himself had sought
End to his labours in Pierian grot.
Ye gentle counsel give, and in the given,
Benign, rejoice. We know how with swift levin
He, sacrilegious Titans—giant host—
Swept off, who stolid earth and tempest-tost
Ocean controls; and every state's domain,
And gloomy Pluto's melancholy reign,
And gods, and multitudinous array
Of mortals, governs with impartial sway.
Into Jove's self had smitten deep alarms
Those youths, confiding in their bristling arms;
Those brethren, hastening to pile upon
Olympus, forest-darkened Pelion.
But what could Typhöeus, what the might
Of Mimas, what Porphyrion's threatening height,
What Rhoetus, or Enceladus with these,
Audacious hurler of uprooted trees,
What could they by their onward rush effect
'Gainst Pallas with resounding aegis decked?
Here eager Vulcan, matron Juno there,
Stood, and the God who from his shoulder ne'er

Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et laetum equino sanguine Concanum:
Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.
Vos Caesarem altum, militia simul
Fessas cohortes addidit oppidis,
Finire quaerentem labores,
Pierio recreatis antro.
Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis almae. Scimus ut impios
Titanas immanemque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit caduco,
Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, et urbes, regnaque tristia,
Divosque, mortalesque turbas
Imperio regit unus aequo.
Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi
Fidens juventus horrida brachiis,
Fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.
Sed quid Typhöeus, et validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,
Quid Rhoetus, evolsisque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax,
Contra sonantem Palladis aegida
Possent ruentes? Hinc avidus stetit
Volcanus; hinc matrona Juno, et
Nunquam humeris positurus arcum,

Removes the bow, in Castaly's pure rill
Bathes his loose locks, and Lycian copses still
And natal groves. holds as his own of right—
Phoebus, of Patara and Delos hight.
Force, void of counsel, by its own weight fails;
Force tempered, which the gods assist, avails
For greater deed, but the same gods detest
Strength to all evil purposes addressed.
That on firm basis this my maxim stands
Witness is Gyas of the hundred hands;
Orion also, of Diana chaste
Suitor, and by the virgin's shaft effaced.
Heaped on her monsters, earth, with dire lament
Bewails her thunder-stricken offspring sent
To lurid Orcus; nor doth flaming heat
Consume Etnaean mass placed over it.
The wing'd guard, bidden, for incontinence
Of Tityus, to devour his liver, thence
Departeth never: tercentupled chain
Doth libertine Pirithous restrain.

Qui rore puro Castaliae lavit
Crines solutos, qui Lyciae tenet
  Dumeta natalemque silvam,
    Delius et Patareus Apollo.
Vis consili expers mole ruit sua:
Vim temperatam di quoque provehunt
  In majus; idem odere vires
    Omne nefas animo moventes.
Testis mearum centimanus Gyas
Sententiarum, notus et integrae
  Tentator Orion Dianae,
    Virginea domitus sagitta.
Injecta monstris Terra dolet suis
Maeretque partus fulmine luridum
  Missos ad Orcum; nec peredit
    Impositam celer ignis Aetnen:
Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
  Custos; amatorem trecentae
    Pirithoum cohibent catenae.

The object here is to stigmatise those Roman soldiers who having been made prisoners when Crassus was defeated by the Parthians, had accustomed themselves to their land of bondage, married barbarian wives, and accepted military service under the conqueror; and in insisting on the moral degradation of these men, Horace is evidently opposing some proposition for demanding their restoration.

We have not doubted that, in heaven supreme,
Reigns thundering Jove. Hereafter shall we not
Augustus, present deity, esteem,
With Britons and redoubted Persians brought

Within the empire? Hath then veteran
Of Crassus, lived as the degenerate mate
Of spouse barbarian? Hath Apulian
Or Marsian (ah Senate! ah changed state

Of morals!) serving under Median king,
Grown old in arms of his wife's hostile sire,
Ancilia, toga, name, remembering
Not, nor of Vesta the eternal fire,
Rome and the Capitol still left entire?

'Gainst this, and 'gainst a fatal precedent
Fraught with perdition for an age to come,
Unless without commiseration went
The captive youth, death-sentenced, to their doom,

Did Regulus with prescient mind provide,
Shameful conditions scouting. 'I have seen
In Carthaginian temples fixed,' he cried,
'Our standards and our weapons which had been

V.

Caelo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare: praesens divus habebitur
Augustus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio, gravibusque Persis.

Milesne Crassi conjuge barbara
Turpis maritus vixit? Et hostium,
(Pro curia, inversique mores!)
Consenuit socerorum in armis

Sub rege Medo, Marsus et Apulus,
Anciliorum, et nominis, et togae
Oblitus, aeternaeque Vestae,
Incolumi Jove et urbe Roma?

Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli,
Dissentientis conditionibus
Foedis, et exemplo trahentis,
Perniciem veniens in aevum;

Si non periret immiserabilis
Captiva pubes. Signa ego Punicis
Adfixa delubris, et arma
Militibus sine caede, dixit,

From unslain soldiers stripped. Bound, I have seen
Arms of free citizens behind their backs,
And city gates unshut, and, newly green,
Fields erewhile desolate with our attacks.

When gold, forsooth, has ransomed him, more bold
The soldier may return! To infamy
Ye now add mischief. Ne'er do we behold
Wool that has lost, regaining its lost dye:

Ne'er does true valour, when it once has fled,
Accept replacement in degenerate mind.
Not till the hind, which from toils thickly spread
Is disentangled, combats, will you find

Him brave who trusts himself to faithless foes.
Them, in no second war, will trample down
Shrinker from death, who Carthaginian blows
With fettered arms has tamely undergone.

Witless of other mode of baffling fate,
With war he mingles peace. Ah infamy!
Ah Carthaginian greatness, grown more great
On ruins of dishonoured Italy!'

Then, as tradition hands the tale to us,
His little sons' and virtuous wife's embrace,
As one disgraced, rejecting, Regulus
Bends sternly to the ground his manly face,

Derepta vidi: vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia libero,
Portasque non clausas, et arva
Marte coli populata nostro.

Auro repensus scilicet acrior
Miles redibit? Flagitio additis
Damnum; neque amissos colores
Lana refert medicata fuco:

Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.
Si pugnat extricata densis
Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,

Qui perfidis se credidit hostibus:
Et Marte Poenos proteret altero,
Qui lora restrictis lacertis
Sensit iners, timuitque mortem.

Hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
Pacem duello miscuit. O pudor!
O magna Karthago, probrosis
Altior Italiae ruinis!

Fertur pudicae conjugis osculum,
Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,
Ab se removisse, et virilem
Torvus humi posuisse voltum:

Until, with counsellings that otherwise
Had ne'er been given, wavering fathers he
Convinces, and 'mid loving kinsmen's cries
Goes, glorious exile, to his destiny:

And, though aware of what for him had planned
Barbarian torturer, not less doth spurn
Aside his interposing kindred and
The civic throng obstructing his return,

Than if, when settlement of long debate
Between litigious clients he had found,
He were for his Venafrian estate
Or for Laconian Tarentum bound.

Having in the five preceding Odes occupied himself chiefly with the qualities of men, the poet now turns to the other sex, and expatiates on the morals of Roman ladies, which must have been truly in a sad state to incur the indignation of such a censor, but which, bad as they already were, speedily became a great deal worse.

For your forefathers' sins, O Romans! ye
Shall, although guiltless, suffer, till their fanes
And tottering shrines, restored the gods shall see,
And their foul statues cleansed from sooty stains.

'Tis as vicegerent of the gods ye rule:
Hence all beginnings, all events, deduce.
The slighted gods afflictions plentiful
Have upon mournful Italy set loose.

Donec labantes consilio patres
Firmaret auctor nunquam alias dato,
Interque maerentes amicos
Egregius properaret exsul.

Atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet: non aliter tamen
Dimovit obstantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem,

Quam si clientum longa negotia
Dijudicata lite relinqueret,
Tendens Venafranos in agros,
Aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

VI.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Aedesque labentes deorum, et
Foeda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

Already twice Monaeses, and the host
Of Pacorus, have our ill-omened blows
Struck back, and of their simple collars boast
Rich with the trappings of their Roman foes.

The city, on intestine broils intent,
Dacian and Aethiop had almost undone:
These, dreaded for their naval armament,
As javelin darters those, excelled by none.

An age, of wickedness prolific, first
Defiled the marriage-bed, our hearths, our blood:
Drawn from this fountain, desolation burst,
And land and people 'whelmed beneath its flood.

The marriageable maiden gladly learns
Ionic dances, and already now
Is fashioned to the sport, and, musing, yearns
From childhood, love's lasciviousness to know.

For younger paramours she seeks anon
While her lord boozes, nor has any choice
Whom, stealthily, and when the lights are gone,
She shall make sharer in forbidden joys.

Openly claimed, she rises—nor without
Her husband's knowledge—so some factor be,
Or master of a Spanish galleot,
The lavish bidder for his infamy.

Jam bis Monaeses, et Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros, et adjecisse praedam
Torquibus exiguis renidet.

Paene occupatam seditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus et Aethiops;
Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis.

Fecunda culpae secula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos.
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur artibus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox juniores quaerit adulteros
Inter mariti vina: neque eligit
Cui donet impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis.

Sed jussa coram non sine conscio
Surgit marito, seu vocat institor,
Seu navis Hispanae magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Not of such parents were the offspring who
With Punic blood dyed ocean, and withal
Pyrrhus, of Heracleidan race, o'erthrew,
Mighty Antiochus, dire Hannibal.

No, but the sons of peasant soldiery,
A manly breed, inured with Sabine hoe
To turn the stubborn glebe, and patiently,
At a stern mother's bidding, to and fro

To carry wood—when on the hills the sun
The shades inverted, and the ox o'erwrought
Freed from the yoke, and pleasant hours came on
In rear of his retiring chariot.

What grows not less through time's malignity?
Our fathers' age, worse than our grandsires', gave
Life to our yet more vicious selves, and we
Yet viler offspring are about to have.

This Ode requires no preface. There is not one in the whole collection which better tells its own tale.

WHY weep, Asterie, when, with earliest spring,
Young Gyges back shall favouring Zephyrs bring,
With Thynian wares enriched,
And with faith unimpeached

Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit aequor sanguine Punico;
Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum;

Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
Versare glebas, et severae
Matris ad arbitrium recisos

Portare fustes; sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens, abeunte curru.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Aetas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

VII. AD ASTERIEN.

Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii,
Thyna merce beatum,
Constantis juvenem fide

And constancy? By force of south wind borne
To Oric, 'neath mad stars of Capricorn,
Thinking of you, in sleepless plight
He weeps through the cold winter's night.

Him his keen hostess', Chloe's, messenger,
Tempts with a thousand artful pleas for her,
Tells him how sobbing she endures
Like grief, and burns with fire like yours.

Tells him how credulous Proetus, doubting not
Of the false charges his false wife had brought,
Was urged to hurry death upon
Overmuch chaste Bellerophon.

Of Peleus tells, from hell scarce scaped when he
Abstaining, fled Magnese Hippolyte.
So cheating, warns with lore, wherein
The histories all are teaching sin.

In vain! Icarian rocks not deafer are
Than he still heartwhole—but yourself beware
Lest neighbour Enipeus should please
More than with what is right agrees.

Though skilled as he in wheeling round his horse
None else is seen on Mars's turfy course,
Nor any else as he to swim
So swiftly 'gainst Etruscan stream,

Gygen? Ille Notis actus ad Oricum
Post insana Caprae sidera, frigidas
  Noctes non sine multis
    Insomnis lacrimis agit.

Atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
Suspirare Chloën, et miseram tuis
  Dicens ignibus uri,
    Tentat mille vafer modis.

Ut Proetum mulier perfida credulum
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
  Casto Bellerophonti
    Maturare necem, refert.

Narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens:
  Et peccare docentes
    Fallax historias movet.

Frustra. Nam scopulis surdior Icari
Voces audit adhuc integer. At tibi
  Ne vicinus Enipeus
    Plus justo placeat, cave.

Quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
Aeque conspicitur gramine Martio,
  Nec quisquam citus aeque
    Tusco denatat alveo,

Close doors at dusk, nor on the city ways
Look down while with his plaintive pipe he plays:
Let him of obduracy plain;
You, not less obdurate remain.

Written on an anniversary of Horace's escape from the falling tree.

WHAT the March Calends are to me, unmarried,
What my flowers mean, and censer full of incense,
What my charred coals upon a live sod resting,
Well may you wonder,—

You, who instructed are in either language.
Vow did I make of joyful feast to Bacchus
And a white goat, when I had nearly perished
By a tree's downstroke.

This, in each year, to me a festal day, shall
Draw the pitch-fastened cork from out a vessel
Which, to be mellowed by the smoke, was set when
Tullus was consul.

Take, my Maecenas, brimmers by the hundred
For your friend's rescue, vigil lamps prolonging
Even to daylight. Far away from us all
Clamour and discord!

Prima nocte domum claude, neque in vias
Sub cantu querulae despice tibiae:
Et te saepe vocanti
Duram, difficilis mane

VIII. AD MAECENATEM.

MARTIIS caelebs quid agam Kalendis,
Quid velint flores et acerra turis
Plena, miraris, positusque carbo in
Caespite vivo,

Docte sermones utriusque linguae.
Voveram dulces epulas, et album
Libero caprum, prope funeratus
Arboris ictu.

Hic dies, anno redeunte festus,
Corticem adstrictum pice dimovebit
Amphorae fumum bibere institutae
Consule Tullo.

Sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum: et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem: procul omnis esto
Clamor et ira.

Truce to disquiet for the state's well-being:
Routed are Dacian Cotison's battalions:
To himself hostile, suicidal conflict
Is the Mede waging.

Subject now are, although by tardy conquest,
Cantabri, ancient foes on Spanish seaboard.
Scythians too are for retreat preparing
With their bows slackened.

Since at ease, then, about the public welfare,
Let not too much private affairs engross you:
Gladly accept what gifts the present offers,
Bus'ness postponing.

Mr. Macleane quotes from Buttmann the following very sufficient reason for departing from the usual editorial practice of representing Horace as one of the interlocutors in this 'incomparable dialogue':—'The ancients had the skill to construct such poems so that each speech tells us by whom it is spoken, but we let the editors treat us all our lives as schoolboys, and interline such dialogues, after the fashion of our plays, with the names. To their sedulity we are indebted for the alternation of the lyrical name Lydia with the name Horatius in this exquisite work of art; and yet even in an English poem we should be offended at seeing Collins by the side of Phyllis.'

As long as I to thee was dear,
And no more favoured youth drew near,
Round thy white neck his arms to fling,
More blest I lived than Persia's king.

Mitte civiles super urbe curas:
Occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen:
Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
Dissidet armis;

Servit Hispanae vetus hostis orae
Cantaber, sera domitus catena:
Jam Scythae laxo meditantur arcu
Cedere campis.

Negligens, ne qua populus laboret,
Parce privatus nimium cavere:
Dona praesentis cape laetus horae, et
Linque severa.

IX. DIALOGUS.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

As long as none thou lovedst more,
Nor Chloe, Lydia ranked before,
I, Lydia, lived, of brilliant name,
Outshining Roman Ilia's fame.

Now Cretan Chloe o'er me reigns,
Skilled lyrist, warbler of sweet strains,
For whom I fear not life to give
So the fates let her spirit live.

Me, Calais, son of Thurian sire,
Of Ornith, fires with mutual fire.
A twofold death will I endure
So that boy's life the fates ensure.

What if revived first love again
The severed bind with brazen chain,
And, fair-haired Chloe spurned, my door
Open to Lydia, as before?

Though he is lovelier than a star,
Thou light as cork, and stormier far
Than Adria foul,—with thee will I
Delight to live, consent to die.

Donec non alia magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharae sciens;
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animae fata superstiti.

Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornyti;
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Quid, si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectaeque patet janua Lydiae?

Quamquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Hadria;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Supposed to be sung by a lover under the window of his mistress, who, in a cold night, refuses him admission.

If, Lyce, married to outlandish mate,
Thy drink far Tanais were, it still might grate
Against thy heart that at thine obdurate
Door, I lie shivering in the northern blast.

Hark with what din the portal creaks, and how
Trees, that within thy pretty dwelling grow,
Rebellow to the winds: and the fall'n snow,
How Jupiter with his pure breath has glassed.

Disdain, to Venus hateful, lay aside,
Lest back, with rolling wheel, the hawser slide.
Not a Penelope in prudish pride
Did thy Tyrrhenian sire engender thee.

Ah! though as yet unmoved by gifts or prayers,
Or violet pallor of thy followers,
Or by the love thy smitten husband bears
To singing wench, nor tenderer thou be

Than rigid oak, nor softer aspect wear
Than Moorish serpent, yet thy suppliants spare:
Not always will this frame avail to bear
Thy threshold's and the sky's inclemency.

X. AD LYCEN.

EXTREMUM Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
Saevo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
Porrectum ante fores objicere incolis
Plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu janua, quo nemus
Inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
Ventis? et positas ut glaciet nives
Puro numine Juppiter?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
Ne currente retro funis eat rota.
Non te Penelopen difficilem procis
Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

O quamvis neque te munera, nec preces,
Nec tinctus viola pallor amantium,
Nec vir Pieria pellice saucius
Curvat; supplicibus tuis

Parcas, nec rigida mollior aesculo,
Nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
Non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquae
Caelestis patiens latus.

This is commonly inscribed 'Ad Mercurium,' which, as Mr. Macleane says, 'is plainly wrong and calculated to mislead.' Mercury disappears after the first two lines, and thenceforward it is the lute, if anything, that is addressed.

MERCURY, 'neath whose discipline Amphion
Lured the rocks on with imitative carol;
Cithern, thou too who with thy fibrils seven
Deftly discoursest:

Stamm'ring erewhile, and pleasing not, yet welcome,
Now at the boards of rich men and in temples,
Measures dictate whereto her ear reluctant
Lyde must tender;

Who in broad mead now like a three-year filly
Playfully frisks, and shrinks away from contact,
Taking no part in nuptials, and unripe for
Mettlesome husband.

Thine to lead tigers and attendant forests:
Thine to stay 'tis the swiftly flowing rivers;
Nay, to thy wheedling Cerberus surrendered,
Tophet's puge porter,

Though, around his terrific head, a rampart
Five score of serpents garrison, and though his
Triple-tongued muzzle loathsome breath and venom
Ever is belching.

XI. AD TESTUDINEM.

Mercuri (nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo)
Tuque, testudo, resonare septem
Callida nervis:

Nec loquax olim, neque grata, nunc et
Divitum mensis et amica templis,
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
Applicet aures:

Quae, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exsultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.

Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
Ducere, et rivos celeres morari:
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulae

Cerberus; quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter saniesque manet
Ore trilingui.

Even Ixion, and with grudging aspect
Tityus, on thee smiled, and for a little
Dry their urn stood, while thy sweet song shed balm on
Danaus' daughters.

Let of their sin, and of its famed requital,
Lyde be told, and of the barrel emptied
With the stream pouring through its open bottom:
Told of the final

Doom for their crimes reserved for them in Orcus,
Wretches! for what worse thing could they accomplish?
Wretches, who could with unrelenting poniard
Murder their bridegrooms!

One of the many, one alone deserving
Marital torch, was to her faithless father
Splendidly false, and is throughout all ages
Great among virgins.

She who 'Arise' cried to her youthful husband,
'Rise up, lest lengthened sleep be cast upon thee
Whence thou fear'st not; my father disappo nt, and
Infamous sisters,

Who, as she-lions each a young bull seizing,
Tear them—ah me!—in pieces: I, of gentler
Mood, will not strike thee, neither here in bondage
Will I retain thee.

Quin, et Ixion, Tityosque voltu
Risit invito: stetit urna paullum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
Carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
Virginum poenas, et inane lymphae
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo,
Seraque fata,

Quae manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Impiae (nam quid potuere majus?)
Impiae sponsos potuere duro
Perdere ferro.

Una de multis, face nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendide mendax, et in omne virgo
Nobilis aevum:

Surge, quae dixit juveni marito,
Surge; ne longus tibi somnus, unde
Non times, detur: socerum et scelestas
Falle sorores;

Quae, velut nactae vitulos leaenae,
Singulos (eheu!) lacerant; ego illis
Mollior, nec te feriam, neque intra
Claustra tenebo.

Me let my father load with cruel fetters
For that, humane, I spared my hapless consort;
Me let his squadrons exile to remotest
Plains of Numidia.

Go where thy feet and where the winds may bear thee,
While as yet night and Venus are propitious;
Go with good omen. Only on my tombstone
Grave our sad story.'

Editors differ as to whether Neobule is to be regarded as lamenting over a love she must not indulge, or as congratulating herself that her own lot is not as that of women in general. I follow Mr. Macleane is preferring the former theory.

Ah, wretched women, who must needs from amorous
play forbear,
Nor yet with bowls of genial wine may wash away
their care,
But 'neath an uncle's slashing tongue for ever swooning
are!
Thee, Cytherea's wingèd son has, Neobule, reft
Of web and basket; nor with thee, in arts Palladian deft,
Has blooming Hebrus aught of taste for such employ-
ment left.

Soon as in Tiber's bath he has his oily shoulders shown,
A better horseman forth he comes than erst Bellerophon;
Fine boxer too, nor in the race, as slow of foot, undone.

Me pater saevis oneret catenis,
Quod viro clemens misero peperci:
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
Classe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,
Dum favet nox et Venus: i secundo
Omine, et nostri memorem sepulcro
Scalpe querelam.

XII. AD NEOBULEN.

Miserarum est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
Mala vino lavere, aut exanimari metuentes
Patruae verbera linguae.
Tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
Operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,
Liparaei nitor Hebri,

Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis,
Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
Neque segni pede victus;

The same, when hunting, and at hand a herd of deer descrying,
Spears with sure aim the startled stags athwart the open flying:
Quick too he is wild boar to track, deep in close covert lying.

The researches of Capmartin de Chaupy have placed beyond doubt that there was an Apulian Fons Bandusiae a few miles from Horace's birthplace, Venusia. Still it is not improbable that, as Tate suggests, the poet may have honoured with the same name some spring on or near his Sabine farm.

THOU art worthy, O fount Bandusian,
Whose brilliance doth glass outshine,
That the vineyard's luscious effusion,
Not without flowers, were thine.

To-morrow shalt thou be gifted
With a kid, on whose tumefied brow
Horns, vainly now first uplifted,
Of Venus and battle foreshow:

For, in honour of thee, the slaughter
Of that offspring of parentage lewd
Shall tinge the refrigerant water,
With crimsoning life-blood imbued.

Catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato
Grege cervos jaculari et celer alto latitantem
Fruticeto excipere aprum.

XIII. AD FONTEM BANDUSIAE.

O FONS Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis haedo,
Cui frons turgida cornibus

Primis et Venerem et proelia destinat,
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine rivos
Lascivi suboles gregis.

Noxious days of dog-star flagrant
Nigh thee cannot come: tis thine
Pleasant chill to offer to vagrant
Sheep, and plough-wearied kine.

Mid noble fountains, moreover,
Shalt thou rank, now that I the holm sing
Whose branches the hollow stones cover
Whence thy garrulous waters down spring.

Written on the return of Augustus after closing the Cantabrian War. His return had been delayed by illness at Terracina.

CAESAR, of late declared by you, O people,
Hercules-like to be in quest of laurels
Sold at death's price, comes from the Spanish seaboard
Homeward, victorious.

Let the wife, then, to him alone devoted,
Forth come, our just gods' ritual observing,
And the great general's sister; and, adorned with
Suppliant fillets,

Mothers of virgins, and of youths in safety
Newly restored. Ye sons, and ye, O daughters
Recently wed, beware ye well of using
Words of ill omen.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
Nescit tangere: tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Praebes, et pecori vago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis: unde loquaces
Lymphae desiliunt tuae.

XIV. AD ROMANOS.

Herculis ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
Morte venalem petiisse laurum,
Caesar Hispana repetit penates
Victor ab ora.

Unico gaudens mulier marito,
Prodeat, justis operata sacris:
Et soror clari ducis, et decorae
Supplice vitta

Virginum matres, juvenumque nuper
Sospitum: vos o pueri, et puellae
Jam virum expertae, male ominatis
Parcite verbis.

This, to myself true festal day, shall banish
Sombre chagrin. No fear will I of tumult
Have, nor of death by violence, while Caesar
Is the world's master.

Go, boy, and seek for perfumes and for garlands,
And for wine-jar, mindful of Marsic contest,
If perchance such there be that has eluded
Spartacan pillage.

Bid, too, melodious Neaera hasten
In a neat knot to bind her auburn tresses:
Though, if grim porter offer to delay you,
Come away quickly.

Whitening hairs the froward temper soften,
Howsoe'er fond of strife and bitter wrangling.
This I had borne not in my fiery youth when
Plancus was consul.

Horace here appears in one of his least creditable moods, though one in which he was rather fond of indulging.

WIFE, you, of needy Ibycus,
To your iniquities and habits infamous
Put now at length a tardy end.
Since into timely grave full soon you must descend,

Hic dies vere mihi festus atras
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Caesare terras.

I pete unguentum, puer, et coronas,
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli;
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa.

Dic et argutae properet Neaerae
Murreum nodo cohibere crinem:
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium et rixae cupidos protervae.
Non ego hoc ferrem, calidus juventa,
Consule Planco.

XV. AD CHLORIM.

Uxor pauperis Ibyci,
Tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
Famosisque laboribus:
Maturo propior desine funeri

Cease sporting among girls, nor shroud
  The stars' white brilliancy with intermingled cloud;
Not what accords with Pholoë quite,
  Suits, Chloris, likewise you: your daughter, more of right,
Takes by assault the young men's home
  Like Bacchanalian aroused by beaten drum.
The love of Nothus makes of her
  To wanton female goat a rival caperer.
You, wool to spin, old lady, suits,
  Shorn on Luceria's famed pasture ground: not lutes,
Not blooms that damask rose-bush prank,
  Not jars of liquor down to dregs residual drank.

The poet here dwells upon his favourite theme, contentment and moderation, which he is able to illustrate by the example of Maecenas as well as his own.

A BRAZEN tower, oak doors, and sentinel
Dogs keeping melancholy watch, had well
Sufficed to guard imprisoned Danae
Against assaults of midnight gallantry,
Had, at Acrisius, with anxious craft
Hiding his child, Venus and Jove not laughed,
Aware how safe and clear would be the road
When into bribes had been transformed the god.
Gold loves through midst of myrmidons to pass,
And break through walls of stone, resistless as

Inter ludere virgines,
  Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non si quid Pholoën satis
  Et te, Chlori, decet: filia rectius
Expugnat juvenum domos,
  Pulso Thyas uti concita tympano.
Illam cogit amor Nothi
  Lascivae similem ludere capreae:
Te lanae prope nobilem
  Tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent,
Nec flos purpureus rosae,
  Nec poti vetulam faece tenus cadi.

XVI. AD MAECENATEM.

Inclusam Danaën turris aënea
Robustaeque fores et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiae munierant satis
  Nocturnis ab adulteris,
Si non Acrisium, virginis abditae
Custodem pavidum, Juppiter et Venus
Risissent, fore enim tutum iter et patens
  Converso in pretium deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius

The levin's thundering bolt. Through lucre's lust
The Argive augur's house was in the dust
Immersed in ruin. He of Macedon
With bribes cleft gates of cities, and cast down
Emulous monarchs. Bribery enthralls
Now and again ferocious admirals.
By care, and thirst for more, increasing pelf
Is followed. With just cause, am I myself,
Maecenas, glory of the knights, in dread
Of lifting high a far conspicuous head.
The more each one denies himself, the more
The gods vouchsafe. Denuded, I pass o'er
And camp with those who covet naught—with pride
In my desertion from the wealthy's side;
Of mean possession, lordly owner, more
Than if declared within my barns to store
Whate'er industrious Apulian reaps—
Indigent starveling among mighty heaps.
A rivulet of limpid flow, some few
Acres of wood, firm hope of harvest's due,
Make me, although he think it not, more blest
Than gorgeous chief of Afric's wealth possessed.
What though for me no bees Calabrian bring
Honey, nor Formian wine be ripening
In jars, nor yet on Gallic meads increase
For me the burden of the precious fleece;
Yet far aloof is irksome poverty,
Nor if I ask for more, wilt thou deny.
But better, I my scanty revenue
Extend, by narrowing ambition's view,

Ictu fulmineo: concidit auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum
Demersa exitio; diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit aemulos
Reges muneribus; munera navium
Saevos illaqueant duces.
Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
Majorumque fames. Jure perhorrui
Late conspicuum tollere verticem,
Maecenas, equitum decus.
Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
Ab dis plura feret: nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum
Partes linquere gestio,
Contemptae dominus splendidior reï,
Quam si quidquid arat impiger Apulus
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,
Magnas inter opes inops.
Purae rivus aquae silvaque jugerum
Paucorum, et segetis certa fides meae,
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
Fallit sorte beatior.
Quamquam nec Calabrae mella ferunt apes,
Nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis,
Importuna tamen pauperies abest,
Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam,

Than though 'twere mine Mygdonian domains
To join with Lydia's realm. To him who strains
For much, much lacks. Blest he, on whom enow
The gods with not too lavish hand bestow.

This Ode, and the 26th of the first Book, were addressed to the same person. 'Like other families, the Lamiae were perhaps glad to trace their origin to a fabulous hero, and believed their founder to be Lamus, king of the Laestrygonians and builder of Formiae.'

NOBLE shoot, Aelius, from old Lamus' tree,
Since hence, 'tis said, the earlier Lamiae
  Were named, and since for all the race
    The same descent their records trace,
Your origin you from that author draw
Whom as their founder Formian ramparts saw;
  A monarch ruling far and wide
    O'er tracts where Liris flows beside
Marica's strand. This coming day, unless
The raven err, rain's aged prophetess,
  Loosed from the east a storm will strip
    Groves of their leaves, and sea-coasts heap
With useless seaweed. Pile, while still you may,
Dry faggots; and to-morrow's natal day
  Keep, 'mid your slaves released from work,
    With store of wine and eight-week pork.

Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus
Desunt multa: bene est cui deus obtulit
Parca quod satis est manu.

XVII. AD AELIUM LAMIAM.

Aeli, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,
(Quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
Denominatos, et nepotum
Per memores genus omne fastos
Auctore ab illo ducis originem)
Qui Formiarum moenia dicitur
Princeps, et innantem Maricae
Litoribus tenuisse Lirim
Late tyrannus, cras foliis nemus
Multis et alga litus inutili
Demissa tempestas ab Euro
Sternet, aquae nisi fallit augur
Annosa cornix. Dum potes, aridum
Compone lignum: cras Genium mero
Curabis, et porco bimestri,
Cum famulis operum solutis.

It was usual to sacrifice to Faunus, the Latin representative of the Greek Pan, in spring, though his great festival did not take place until the nones of December.

FAUNUS, who lovest nymphs that flee,
My bounds and sunny property
Deign to pace over tenderly,
Leaving unhurt these lambs of mine;

Since on the year's last day is killed
A kid: with fragrance thence distilled,
Smokes thine old altar: and are filled
Love's boon-companion cups with wine.

The whole flock sports on grassy mead
When back December's nones are led;
With idling kine the fields are spread,
And villagers in festal round.

The wolf 'mid fearless lambkins plays,
The forest strews for thee its sprays,
The ditcher his delight displays,
Thrice smiting the detested ground.

XVIII. AD FAUNUM.

FAUNE, Nympharum fugientum amator,
Per meos fines et aprica rura
Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis
Aequus alumnis:

Si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali,
Vina craterae, vetus ara multo
Fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
Cum tibi Nonae redeunt Decembres;
Festus in pratis vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus.

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos:
Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes:
Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram.

To enter into the spirit of this lively effusion we may suppose Horace to have been invited to an entertainment given in honour of Murena's installation in the college of augurs, and the host to have kept the party waiting for supper while he treated them to long prosy stories out of Greek mythology, which Horace suddenly interrupted by bursting forth with the following strain. The cyathus referred to in lines 11–15 was a ladle with which the drink was passed from the bowl to the cups. I imagine that cups of various sizes were on the table, some large enough for nine, others for only three cyaths, and that Horace, when calling for bumpers, bade the servant give to each guest a goblet, of three or nine cyaths according to his taste.

By how much later lived than Inachus
Codrus, for fatherland not fearing death,
You prate, and of the house of Aeacus,
And wars waged sacred Ilium beneath:
But at what price per cask is Chian sold,
Who shall unchill the water, who afford
Us house-room; at what hour, from cold
Relieved, we shall have supper, not a word.
Bumpers, boy, bumpers; look alive!
One for new moon, for midnight one,
One for Murena, augur, give:
Into the goblets, thereupon,
Ladles-full pouring, nine or three,
As may with several taste agree.
The bard who the uneven Muses
Enamoured courts, three tripled chooses.

XIX.

QUANTUM distet ab Inacho
  Codrus, pro patria non timidus mori,
Narras, et genus Aeaci,
  Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio:
Quo Chium pretio cadum
  Mercemur; quis aquam temperet ignibus;
Quo praebente domum, et quota
  Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
Da lunae propere novae,
  Da noctis mediae, da, puer, auguris
Murenae; tribus aut novem
  Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.
Qui Musas amat impares,
  Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
Vates. Tres prohibet supra
  Rixarum metuens tangere Gratia

Each of the naked sister Graces,
Fearful of broils that leave their traces,
Consent to more than three refuses.
Madness be mine! Why, Phrygian flute,
Why cease its breathings? Wherefore mute
Hang up together pipe and lute?
I hate your niggard handfuls. Round
Shower roses. Let the jovial sound
Of revel, envious Lycus hear,
And her, the old fellow's ill-matched dear.
Thou, Teleph, rich in glossy hair,
Thou, as the star of evening fair,
Thou art well-ripened Rhode's aim;
While I of Glycera's love despair
Consuming with a lingering flame.

Good judges pronounce the picture here represented to be very happily painted. The subject, however, is not a pleasant one to contemplate.

See you not, Pyrrhus, at what risk you ravish
From the Gaetulic lioness her young ones?
Presently will you, spiritless despoiler,
Slink from the struggle,

When the opposing bands of youthful hunters
She shall break through, seeking her fair Nearchus.
Fierce the dispute, whether to you or her fall
More of the booty.

Nudis juncta sororibus.
Insanire juvat. Cur Berecyntiae
Cessant flamina tibiae?
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi. Sparge rosas. Audiat invidus
Dementem strepitum Lycus,
Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.
Spissa te nitidum coma
Puro te similem, Telephe, Vespero,
Tempestiva petit Rhode:
Me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

XX.

Non vides quanto moveas periclo
Pyrrhe, Gaetulae catulos leaenae?
Dura post paullo fugies inaudax
Proelia raptor:

Cum per obstantes juvenum catervas
Ibit insignem repetens Nearchum:
Grande certamen tibi praeda cedat
Major, an illi.

In the meantime, while you your nimble arrows
Handle, her formidable teeth she sharpens,
While the fight's umpire, underneath his naked
Foot, is depicted

Holding the prize, and fanned by gentle breezes
Breathed on his neck sprinkled with scented tresses.
Such was Nireus, or he who from the wat'ry
Ida was ravished.

Addressed to the jar containing the wine intended for Corvinus, at a supper to which he had invited himself at Horace's house.

O HONEST jar! whose birth takes date,
Like mine, from Manlius' consulate,
Whether complaints or jokes they be,
Wrangling, or love's insanity,
Or quiet sleep that dwell with thee;
Beneath whatever brand 'tis thine
To bottle up choice Massic wine,
For happy day like this thou'rt fit:
Come down; Corvinus orders it,
And thy more mellow juice emit.
Though steeped in all Socratic learning,
From thee, he will not, shocked, be turning.
The elder Cato, oft' 'tis said,
His virtue's fire with liquor fed.

Interim, dum tu celeres sagittas
Promis, haec dentes acuit timendos:
Arbiter pugnae posuisse nudo
Sub pede palmam

Fertur, et leni recreare vento
Sparsum odoratis humerum capillis:
Qualis aut Nireus fuit, aut aquosa
Raptus ab Ida.

XXI. AD AMPHORAM.

O NATA mecum consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum;

Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum
Servas, moveri digna bono die,
Descende, Corvino jubente,
Promere languidiora vina.

Non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
Sermonibus, te negliget horridus.
Narratur et prisci Catonis
Saepe mero caluisse virtus.

With Bacchic mirth thou layest bare
Wise men's deep counsel and their care.
Thou bring'st back hope to minds forlorn
And vigour; and the poor man's horn
Upliftest so, that, after thee,
No dread of angered majesty
Or of a soldier's arms has he.
With thee shall Bacchus linger still,
And Venus (so she gladly will),
And Graces, slow to disunite,
And living lanterns, shining bright,
Till Phoebus put the stars to flight.

Horace, for some reason or other, thought fit to dedicate a pine to Diana. Mr. Macleane pleasantly ridicules the ingenuity which certain commentators have wasted in guessing what the reason was: Sanadon and Dacier inferring, in genuine French fashion, from the second line of this Ode, that it must have been the safe delivery of a child by one of the poet's numberless mistresses —'une de ses maitresses.'

VIRGIN protectress of the woods and mountains,
Goddess triform, who, thrice invoked by youthful
Women in labour, hearest, and from dying
Savest the suppliants;

Thine be this pine o'ershadowing my villa,
Which, with joy, I, ere every year's completion,
Will with the blood of side-stroke-planning porker
Fail not to honour.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
Curas et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyaeo.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis,
Viresque; et addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

Te Liber, et, si laeta aderit, Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiae,
Vivaeque producent lucernae,
Dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

XXII. AD DIANAM.

Montium custos nemorumque, Virgo,
Quae laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,
Diva triformis:

Imminens villae tua pinus esto,
Quam per exactos ego laetus annos
Verris obliquum meditantis ictum
Sanguine donem.

The commentators very generally take for granted that Phidyle was Horace's villica—the stewardess of his Sabine farm. Possibly she was; but quite as possibly she may have been any other thrifty housewife, or even nobody at all, but a mere creature of the poet's fancy.

If suppliant hands, my rustic Phidyle,
You raise to heaven when the new moon you see;
If incense and firstfruits appease,
And sucking pig, home's deities;
Neither shall pestilent south-west wind smite
The teeming vine, nor, famine-laden, blight
The corn; nor for your children dear
Need you the sickly fruit-time fear.
For pasturing amid the holms and oaks
That intermix with snowy Algid's rocks,
Or fattening upon Alban grass,
Are cattle doomed, whose throats shall pass
Neath Pontiff's blood-stained axe. But not of you,
Crowning our little gods with myrtle's due
And rosemary's, do they require
The slaughter of a herd entire.
If spotless hands upon the altar wait,
The costliest victim has not o'er irate
Penates, more of softening power
Than crackling salt and votive flour.

XXIII. AD PHIDYLEN.

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle;
Si ture placaris et horna
Fruge Lares, avidaque porca;
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fecunda vitis, nec sterilem seges
Robiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.
Nam, quae nivali pascitur Algido
Devota quercus inter et ilices,
Aut crescit Albanis in herbis
Victima, pontificum secures
Cervice tinget: te nihil attinet
Tentare multa caede bidentium
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore deos fragilique myrto.
Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia
Mollivit aversos Penates
Farre pio, et saliente mica.

'This Ode, which is of the same class and was probably written about the same time as the first six of the third Book, deals with the licentious abuses of the times, and points to Augustus as the reformer of them.'

ALTHOUGH with more of treasured wealth endowed
Than untouched Arabs and rich Indies boast,
Thou linest with thine edifices proud
The whole Tyrrhenian or Apulian coast;
If in each structure's topmost pinnacle
Is fixed the adamantine nail of fate,
Fear from thy bosom wilt thou not expel,
Nor from death's snares thy being extricate.
More happily do lowland Scythians live,
Whose wandering homes are dragged along on wains,
And hardy Getes, who sustenance derive
From grain and fruit grown on unmeted plains,
And freely shared by all. Them pleases not
Longer than yearly tenure. As his toil
One yearling finishes, impartial lot
Appoints a substitute to till the soil.
The undesigning matron there appears
Pitiful to step-children motherless,
Nor, dowried, o'er her husband domineers,
Nor trusts to sleek adulterer's address.
Ancestral virtue ranks as ample dower,
And chastity, which with unyielding faith
Shrinks from all other than her one lord's power:
And sin is shame, and wage of sin is death.

XXIV.

INTACTIS opulentior
Thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiae,
Caementis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum;
Si figit adamantinos
Summis verticibus dira Necessitas
Clavos, non animum metu,
Non mortis laqueis expedies caput.
Campestres melius Scythae,
Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
Vivunt, et rigidi Getae,
Immetata quibus jugera liberas
Fruges et Cererem ferunt;
Nec cultura placet longior annua,
Defunctumque laboribus
Aequali recreat sorte vicarius.
Illic matre carentibus
Privignis mulier temperat innocens:
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero.
Dos est magna parentium
Virtus, et metuens alterius viri
Certo foedere castitas;
Et peccare nefas, aut pretium est mori.

Ah! whoso would unnatural butchery
And civil frenzy from the state remove;
Whoso would 'Father of the Cities' see
Inscribed upon his statues, he shall prove
A light to those born after—so he dare
To curb ungoverned licence: for we slight
(Ah shame!) unperilled virtue, and yet are
Envious in quest of her when out of sight.
What purpose serves our melancholy wail,
If crime be not cut short by punishment?
How, without morals, can vain laws avail
For our advantage, if from his intent
Neither the torrid fervours that enclose
Part of earth's surface, nor the border land
Of Boreas, a land of hardened snows,
Deter the merchant? if wild seas are spanned
By seamen's conquering craft? if poverty,
That great opprobrium, bids us all things take
To do or suffer, and at her decree
The arduous path of virtue we forsake?
If we in truth repent us of our vice
Or, let us into neighbouring ocean fling
Forthwith our jewelry and stones of price,
And useless gold, of gravest ills the spring;
Or to the Capitol commit them, borne
Thither with shouts of an applauding throng.
The seeds of low desire must be out-torn,
And enervated spirits rendered strong
By sterner practice. How to keep his seat
On horseback, the unpractised noble youth

O quisquis volet impias
  Caedes et rabiem tollere civicam;
Si quaeret PATER URBIUM
  Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
  Clarus postgenitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)
Virtutem incolumem odimus,
  Sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi.
Quid tristes querimoniae
  Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?
Quid leges sine moribus
  Vanae proficiunt; si neque fervidis
Pars inclusa caloribus
  Mundi, nec Boreae finitimum latus,
Durataeque solo nives
  Mercatorem abigunt? horrida callidi
Vincunt aequora navitae?
  Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis et facere et pati,
  Virtutisque viam deserit arduae?
Vel nos in Capitolium,
  Quo clamor vocat et turba faventium,
Vel nos in mare proximum
  Gemmas et lapides, aurum et inutile,
Summi materiem mali,
  Mittamus, scelerum si bene poenitet.
Eradenda cupidinis
  Pravi sunt elementa: et tenerae nimis
Mentes asperioribus
  Formandae studiis. Nescit equo rudis

Knows not, and is afraid to hunt: more meet
To trundle with you the Greek hoop, forsooth,
If so you bid, or if you more require,
To play with the, by law forbidden, dice.
In the meanwhile the idling youngster's sire,
Partner and guest, with perjured artifice
Defrauds, and hurries forward in the race
For wealth, to be devolved on worthless heir.
Verily gains ill-gotten grow apace:
Nathless, I know not what, aye lacketh there.

Mr. Macleane supposes the aid of Bacchus to be here invoked for some projected poem in honour of Augustus, which may or may not have been subsequently composed.

WHITHER me, Bacchus, filled with thee,
Thus hurriest thou? Unto what groves or caves am I
Sped in unwonted ecstasy?
Within what grot o'erheard, shall I essay, on high
Amid the stars and Jove's conclave,
Illustrious Caesar's sheen for ever to install?
I shall achieve a new, soul-stirring stave,
By other mouth unsung yet. Sleepless Bacchanal,
From mountain range contèmplating
Hebrus, and all snow-whitened Thrace, and Rhodope
Which savage feet are traversing,
Is even so inspired. What pleasure 'tis to me

Haerere ingenuus puer,
  Venarique timet; ludere doctior
Seu Graeco jubeas trocho,
  Seu malis vetita legibus alea:
Cum perjura patris fides
  Consortem socium fallat et hospitem:
Indignoque pecuniam
  Heredi properet. Scilicet improbae
Crescunt divitiae; tamen
  Curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

XXV. AD BACCHUM.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
  Plenum! quae nemora aut quos agor in specus,
Velox mente nova! quibus
  Antris egregii Caesaris audiar
Aeternum meditans decus
  Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis!
Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
  Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis
Exsomnis stupet Evias,
  Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
  Lustratam Rhodopen. Ut mihi devio

By river bank, through lonely wood
To rove admiring! Oh, o'er Naiads absolute
And Bacchant priestesses, endued
With hands of force enow tall ash-trees to uproot,
Naught petty, naught in lowly mode,
Naught mortal, will I utter. Peril 'tis, yet sweet,
Lenaeus! to pursue the god
Around whose cinctured brows verdurous vine-leaves meet.

Whether this was written when the poet was becoming painfully conscious of getting on in years, or whether it is an ordinarily successful suitor's exclamation of disgust at his first rebuff, is a fair specimen of 'Quaestiones Horatianae.' Fortunately the words of the Ode will warrant either interpretation: so the reader can choose for himself between the two.

A PROPER ladies' man of late was I,
And fought love's battles not ingloriously:
Now, with my arms discharged from fight,
And cithern, shall this wall be dight,
Which sea-born Venus on the leftward side
Protects. Leave here, let here abide
Torch, crowbar, bow, which heretofore
Beleaguered the opposing door.
Goddess, who happy Cyprus own'st, and whose
Is Memphis, lacking the Sithonian snows,
Ah queen! let by thy scourge upraised
Just once be haughty Chloe grazed.

Ripas et vacuum nemus
Mirari libet! O Naïadum potens,
Baccharumque valentium
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,
Nil parvum aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,
O Lenaee, sequi deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

XXVI.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria:
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,
Laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
Custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes, et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.
O quae beatum diva tenes Cyprum, et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive
Regina, sublimi flagello
Tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

Galatea, a lady of Horace's acquaintance, was meditating a voyage to Greece, when Horace, having the story of Europa to tell, ingeniously turned that into an occasion for telling it.

Under stress of rhyme I have been compelled, if not to coin a new word, at least to employ an old word in a new sense. By 'iron *stile*,' in the twelfth stanza, the critical reader is entreated to understand, not the stilus used by the ancients in writing, but the weapon which would be indicated by the augmentative of the Italian stiletto—that is to say, a short pointed sword like that which formed part of the equipment of a Roman foot-soldier.

LET to the impious, the chattering jay
And pregnant bitch, as omens lead the way,
And fox with cub, and, from his haunts, a gray
Lanuvine wolf descending.

Let serpent interrupt their destined course
As, athwart darting with an arrow's force,
It frights the steeds. With provident resource
Will I, as augur, tending

Her whom I fear for, from the east invoke
With prayers, the raven of propitious croak,
Ere it, presaging rain's impending stroke,
Re-seek the still morasses.

Be happy, Galatea, wheresoe'er
You please: of me live mindful: nor forbear
To go, for vagrant crow, or woodpecker
That on the left-hand passes.

XXVII.

Impios parrae recinentis omen
Ducat, et praegnans canis, aut ab agro
Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,
Fetaque vulpes:

Rumpat et serpens iter institutum,
Si per obliquum similis sagittae
Terruit mannos. Ego cui timebo
Providus auspex,

Antequam stantes repetat paludes
Imbrium divina avis imminentum,
Oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
Solis ab ortu.

Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas:
Teque nec laevus vetat ire picus,
Nec vaga cornix.

Yet, see how prone Orion hurries on
Tumultuous. Even I myself have known
How Adria's gulf can blacken; how anon
Bland Japyx faith be breaking.

Let wives and children of our foes deplore
Blind Auster's freshening blast, and wild uproar
Of tempest-darkened Ocean, and the shore
Beneath its lashes quaking.

So too Europa, daring to confide
To the deceitful bull her snowy side,
Paled as the swarming sea-beasts she descried
And treachery self-revealing.

Busied of late with flowers, she wandered through
The fields, and wreathed for nymphs their chaplets due:
Now, in the dusky night nought meets her view
Save stars, and billows reeling.

So soon as unto potent Crete she came,—
Crete, hundred-citied,—'Sire,' she cried, 'oh name
Of daughter, which henceforth I ne'er may claim,
Oh duty, foiled by passion!

Whence come, and whither? can one death atone
For virgin's trespass? Is't awake I moan
My base offence? or, still by vice undone,
Doth dream, in spectral fashion,

Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu
Pronus Orion! Ego, quid sit ater
Hadriae, novi, sinus; et quid albus
Peccet Iapyx.

Hostium uxores puerique caecos
Sentiant motus orientis Austri, et
Aequoris nigri fremitum, et trementes
Verbere ripas.

Sic et Europe niveum doloso
Credidit tauro latus, et scatentem
Beluis pontum, mediasque fraudes
Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, et
Debitae Nymphis opifex coronae,
Nocte sublustri nihil astra praeter
Vidit et undas.

Quae simul centum tetigit potentem
Oppidis Creten; 'Pater, o relictum
Filiae nomen pietasque!' dixit
Victa furore.

Unde? Quo veni? Levis una mors est
Virginum culpae. Vigilansne ploro
Turpe commissum? An vitiis carentem
Ludit imago

Emerging, vacant, from the ivory gate
Delude me? Is then bettered my estate,
Reduced a widening flood to navigate
Than when fresh flowrets culling?

How, to mine anger were that monster vile,
That bull vouchsafed, would I with iron stile
Rend him, and break those horns of his, erewhile
So much my fondness gulling.

Shameless, I quitted the paternal home:
Shameless, I put off death. Ah, should there some
One of the gods be listening—may I roam
Naked 'mid lions raging:

Ere ugly leanness my fair cheeks depress,
Or ere of juice the tender prey have less,
Let me, I pray, in all my comeliness
Be tiger's ravin 'suaging.

My absent father taunts me: 'Why delay
To die, Europa base? With girdle, aye
Faithfully following, your neck you may
Break, from an elm suspended.

Do rather rocks, death-pointed, captivate,
Or precipices? Do not hesitate:
Trust the swift storm, unless from royal state
To harlotry descended,

Vana, quae porta fugiens eburna
Somnium ducit? Meliusne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flores?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvencum
Dedat iratae! lacerare ferro, et
Frangere enitar modo multum amati
Cornua monstri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates:
Impudens Orcum moror. O Deorum
Si quis haec audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones:

Antequam turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas, teneraeque succus
Defluat praedae, speciosa quaero
Pascere tigres.

'Vilis Europe,' pater urget absens:
'Quid mori cessas? Potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zona bene te secuta
Laedere collum.

Sive te rupes, et acuta leto
Saxa delectant; age, te procellae
Crede veloci, nisi herile mavis
Carpere pensum,

For a barbarian mistress you prefer
The wool to card.' As thus she wails, to her
False-smiling Venus and her son draw near,
He with his bow unbended.

After enow of jeers, 'Abstain,' says she
'From anger and intemperate contumely.
That same detested bull will give to thee
His horns up to be broken.

'Thou know'st not thou art wife of conquering Jove,
Cease now from sobbing. Thy good fortune prove
That thou canst well sustain. Thy name, my love,
Shall half of earth betoken.'

One commentator has satisfied himself that the Lyde of this Ode is the same, only with altered feelings towards the poet, as she of the tenth of the same Book, 'ubi quidem obstinata, hic amica et favens.' This of course is mere fancy; but the idea is not a bad one, and its adoption may lend some additional zest to verses in which, whoever the lady may have been, Horace is apparently inviting himself to sup with her.

WHAT better upon Neptune's feast
Can I do, Lyde? Be at once released
Your hoarded Caecuban; and ply,
With brisk assault, discretion's panoply.
You see how fast declines mid-day,
And yet, as though the fleeting hours would stay,
You tarry from their bin for us
To draw coy flasks of Consul Bibulus.

Regius sanguis, dominaeque tradi
Barbarae pellex.' Aderat querenti
Perfidum ridens Venus, et remisso
Filius arcu.

Mox ubi lusit satis; 'Abstineto,
Dixit, irarum calidaeque rixae;
Cum tibi invisus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus.

Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis?
Mitte singultus: bene ferre magnam
Disce fortunam: tua sectus orbis
Nomina ducet.'

XXVIII.

FESTO quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum
Lyde strenua, Caecubum,
Munitaeque adhibe vim sapientiae.
Inclinare meridiem
Sentis; ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.

Come, let us with alternate lays
  Neptune and verdant locks of Nereids praise.
Do you, curved lyre companioning,
  Latona, and swift Cynthia's arrows sing:
Her, too, and with your highest strains,
  Who o'er bright Cyclades and Cnidos reigns,
And with yoked swans to Paphos hies.
  Her requiem due shall Night obtain likewise.

An invitation to Maecenas to visit Horace at his Sabine farm. In line 6 I have substituted 'Ut' for 'Ne,' in accordance with what Tate (Horatius Restitutus, p. 24) calls the 'noble emendation of Nicholas Hardinge, recommended by Markland, approved by Bentley, and applauded by Parr.' It seems indeed almost indispensable to make sense of the passage, if, as Tate argues, Maecenas could not see Tibur, Aesula, or the Tusculan hills from Rome, and could scarcely help seeing them from Digentia. By 'Molem' in line 10 is to be understood the palace of Maecenas on the Esquiline.

Offspring of Tyrrhene kings, long time for thee
A jar of wine, Maecenas, of my best,
Untilted yet, balm for thine hair expressed,
And blooming roses there have been with me.
Arouse thee from delay, that hence upon
The ever dewy Tibur thou may'st gaze,
And the slant field that Aesula displays,
And range of parricidal Telegon.
Thine irksome grandeur, and the stately dome
That to the lofty clouds seems to aspire,
Forsake, and cease a little to admire
The fume, the wealth, the din of prosperous Rome.

Nos cantabimus in vicem
  Neptunum et virides Nereïdum comas:
Tu curva recines lyra
  Latonam, et celeris spicula Cynthiae;
Summo carmine, quae Cnidon
  Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas, et Paphon
Junctis visit oloribus:
  Dicetur merita Nox quoque naenia.

XXIX. AD MAECENATEM.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verso lene merum cado
  Cum flore, Maecenas, rosarum, et
    Pressa tuis balanus capillis
Jamdudum apud me est. Eripe te morae,
Ut semper udum Tibur, et Aesulae
  Declive contempleris arvum, et
    Telegoni juga parricidae.
Fastidiosam desere copiam, et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis:
  Omitte mirari beatae
    Fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.

Rich men with change are for the most part pleased;
And neat repasts, by firesides of the poor,
Without soft rugs or purple garniture,
Have a care-wrinkled forehead oft uncreased.
Now hath the sun brought back the arid days,
And rabid Leo's star again shines bright,
And Procyon rages, and his hidden light
Andromeda's resplendent sire displays.
Now do the weary swain and languid herd
In shaggy Sylvan's bushy thickets hide,
Or seek the shadow of the river side,
Whose stillness by no vagrant breeze is stirred.
Yet is the city's interest still thy care:
Still anxiously thou watchest what Cathay
And Bactria, subjected to Khosrou's sway,
And brawling Tanais for the state prepare.
A prescient god sees fitting to involve
Futurity's event in hazy night,
And smiles when man, beyond the bounds of right,
Gropes fearfully. What is at hand, resolve
To use without abusing. All beside
Is onward borne; e'en as to Tuscan sea,
Within its banks, the river peacefully
Now holds its course, and now, with swollen tide,
When quiet streams are chafed by pelting flood,
Together whirls along dismembered rocks,
And trees uptorn, and cottage homes and flocks,
Not without clamour from the neighbouring wood
And from the mountains. He will live content
And master of himself who, day by day,

Plerumque gratae divitibus vices,
Mundaeque parvo sub lare pauperum
Coenae, sine aulaeis et ostro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.
Jam clarus occultum Andromedae pater
Ostendit ignem: jam Procyon furit,
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente siccos.
Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
Rivumque fessus quaerit, et horridi
Dumeta Silvani: caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.
Tu civitatem quis deceat status,
Curas; et Urbi sollicitus times,
Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent, Tanaisque discors.
Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit deus:
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adest, memento
Componere aequus: cetera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos,
Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domus
Volventis una, non sine montium
Clamore, vicinaeque silvae;
Cum fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem

Can 'I have lived' exclaim. Be as it may
The morrow, whether Jove the firmament
Shall with black cloud or with bright sun have decked,
What lies behind he cannot render vain,
Nor what the fleeting hours once bring, again
Can he undo or make of none effect.
Fortune, exulting in her fell design,
And bent on playing her insulting play,
Bears her unstable dignities away,
Now unto me, to others now, benign.
While she remains, I praise. Then if she wave
Her rapid pinions, I resign what pelf
She gave, and with my manhood gird myself,
And honest poverty, unportioned, crave.
Ne'er be it 'mine, howe'er the mast may groan
In Libyan storm, to fall upon my knees
With prayers and vows its fury to appease,
Lest Cyprian and Tyrian wares be thrown
To add new riches to the greedy main.
Then, through the billowy Aegean sea,
In two-oared skiff, twin Pollux, sheltering me,
Shall, with a gently breathing air, sustain.

CARMEN SECULARE.

Chorus puerorum et puellarum.

PHOEBE, silvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
Semper, et culti, date quae precamur
Tempore sacro:

Quo Sibyllini monuere versus,
Virgines lectas puerosque castos,
Dis, quibus septem placuere colles,
Dicere carmen.

Chorus of Boys.

Nurturing Sun, who in thy car resplendent
Bringest and bearest off the day, and risest
Other and same! aught greater than Rome's city
Never behold thou!

Chorus of Girls.

Bland Ilithyia! thou whose 'tis to open
Passage for births mature, watch over mothers,
Whether Lucina to be styled thou choosest
Or Genitalis.

Progeny hasten, goddess, and the Senate's
Edict concerning women's yokedom further,
Furthering likewise wedlock's statute, fraught with
New generations.

Joint Chorus.

Cycle established of eleven decades,
Hymns to us may it bring back, and diversions,
Thrice by clear day, as oft beneath night's grateful
Shadow, frequented.

Fates, do ye too, veracious in predicting
What has been once ordained, and which the stable
Order of things maintains, to past well-being
Add a like future.

Let the earth, with both fruit and cattle teeming,
Ceres present with coronet of wheat ears:
Let benign rain and Jupiter's pure breezes
Nourish the younglings.

Chorus puerorum.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris; possis nihil urbe Roma
Visere majus.

Chorus puellarum.

Rite maturos aperire partus
Lenis Ilithyia, tuère matres;
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu Genitalis.

Diva, producas subolem, patrumque
Prosperes decreta super jugandis
Feminis, prolisque novae feraci
Lege marita.

Uterque Chorus.

Certus undenos decies per annos
Orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
Ter die claro, totiesque grata
Nocte frequentes.

Vosque veraces cecinisse Parcae,
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
Terminus servat, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.

Fertilis frugum pecorisque Tellus
Spicea donet Cererem corona:
Nutriant fetus et aquae salubres,
Et Jovis aurae.

Chorus of Boys.

Placid and gentle, and with arrow sheathèd,
List to these boys, thy suppliants, Apollo.

Chorus of Girls.

Queen of the stars, thou moon, the crescent hornèd,
List to the maidens.

Joint Chorus.

If, as your work 'tis, Rome exists, and Trojans,
Those whom ye bade desert their homes and city,
Landed in troops upon the shore Etruscan
After safe voyage:

Unto whom, through Troy all ablaze, uninjured,
Righteous Aeneas, for his country living,
Guarded free outlet, more than they relinquished
Afterward giving:

Gods! to our docile youth give guileless morals;
Gods! to our placid elders, genial quiet;
Gods! to this Roman people, wealth and offspring
Give, and all honour.

He too who prayeth, offering white oxen,
Issue he fair of Venus and Anchises,
Let him have rule—his foes prostrating—clement
To the prostrated.

Now the Medes fear his power on land and ocean,
Trembling at menace of the Alban fasces:
Now for his answer Scyths entreat, and Indians
Lately so haughty.

Chorus puerorum.

Condito mitis placidusque telo
Supplices audi pueros, Apollo:

Chorus puellarum.

Siderum regina bicornis audi
Luna puellas.

Uterque Chorus.

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliaeque
Litus Etruscum tenuere turmae,
Jussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
Sospite cursu:

Cui per ardentem sine fraude Trojam
Castus Aeneas, patriae superstes,
Liberum munivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis:

Di, probos mores docili juventae,
Di, senectuti placidae quietem,
Romulae genti date remque, prolemque
Et decus omne.

Quique vos bobus veneratur albis
Clarus Anchisae Venerisque sanguis,
Impetret, bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem.

Jam mari terraque manus potentes
Medus, Albanasque timet secures:
Jam Scythae responsa petunt, superbi
Nuper, et Indi.

Faith now, and Peace and Honour, and primeval
Purity, venture to return, and slighted
Virtue; and blessed Plenty shows as symbol
Horn overflowing.

Chorus of Boys.

Augur Apollo, with his bow effulgent,
Graced and accepted of the nine Camaenae,
Who with his salutary art redresses
Bodily ailments;

If he regard the Palatine with favour,
May he prolong Rome's happiness and Latium's
Into another lustre, and a future
Ever improving.

Chorus of Girls.

Dian likewise, of Aventine and Algid
Holder, may she the prayers of Quindecimvirs
Graciously heed, and to the children's vows a
Friendly ear tender.

Joint Chorus.

Choristers we, of Phoebus and Diana
Trained to declare the praises—good and certain
Hope that great Jove and all the gods have heard us
Homeward are bearing.

Jam Fides, et Pax, et Honos, Pudorque
Priscus, et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet; apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

Chorus puerorum.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
Phoebus, acceptusque novem Camenis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus,

Si Palatinas videt aequus arces,
Remque Romanam Latiumque felix
Alterum in lustrum, meliusque semper,
Proroget aevum.

Chorus puellarum.

Quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet, et votis puerorum amicas
Applicet aures!

Uterque Chorus.

Haec Jovem sentire, deosque cunctos,
Spem bonam certamque domum reporto,
Doctus et Phoebi chorus et Dianae
Dicere laudes.

THE ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK IV.

Mr. Macleane, who generally carries me with him, says of this Ode that it has little to commend it except the smoothness of its rhythm; but I should myself be disposed to rank it among Horace's happiest efforts, provided it be allowable, as I have here and elsewhere done, to treat 'Ligurine' as a female name.

War, intermitted long, dost thou prepare,
Venus, anew? Spare me, I pray thee, spare.
I am no longer such as in the reign
Of the good Cinara I was. Abstain,
Harsh mother of mild Cupids. Cease to mould
One hardened by ten lustres nearly told
Against thy softening authority:
Thither go where youth fondly calls on thee.
More seasonably welcomed, in the house
Of Paulus Maximus, wilt thou carouse,
Borne there by purple swans, if to inflame
A well-adapted liver be thy aim.
For he of noble birth and comely mien,
Nor wanting words a client's fault to screen,
And adept in an hundred arts beside,
Will bear thy warfare's banners far and wide;
And when he laughs, elate with victory
At rivals who with costly presents vie,
Thy marble form beside the Alban meer
Within a shrine of cedar will uprear.
Abundance there thy nostrils will inhale
Of frankincense; there too wilt thou regale

I. AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu,
Rursus bella moves? Parce, precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonae
Sub regno Cinarae. Desine, dulcium
Mater saeva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi,
Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domum
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
Comissabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
Namque et nobilis, et decens,
Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
Et centum puer artium,
Late signa feret militiae tuae:
Et, quandoque potentior
Largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream, sub trabe citrea.
Illic plurima naribus
Duces tura; lyraeque et Berecyntiae

On mingled strains of Berecynthian flute
And of the lyre, nor shall the pipe be mute.
There, boys and tender maidens twice a day,
Hymning thy godhead's praise with tuneful lay
In manner of the Salian priests, will beat
Three times upon the ground with milk-white feet.
Me, neither woman now delights, nor youth,
Nor illusory hope of mutual truth,
Nor to contend with revellers in wine,
Nor with fresh flowers my temples to entwine.
But why? ah why, alas! my Ligurine,
Trickle scant tears adown these cheeks of mine?
Why in unseemly silence, why, among
Abundant words, stops short my fluent tongue?
Thee do I, in the visions of the night,
Now captured hold, and now thy nimble flight
Over the grassy field of Mars, and through
The rolling waters, cruel one, pursue.

In B.C. 16 the Sicambri, a German tribe, crossed the Rhine, and defeating the Legate Lollius, laid waste part of the Roman territory in Gaul. Thereupon Augustus went in person to Gaul, and at his approach the Germans withdrew, and, giving hostages, obtained peace. Julius Antonius, son of the triumvir, was a man of letters and a poet. Horace would seem to have been recommended by him to write a poem celebrating the success of Augustus in the style of Pindar's ἐπινίκια, and to have very wisely declined.

WHOSO, Iulus, strives to rival Pindar,
Labours with wings of wax, by art Daedalic

Delectabere tibiae
  Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die
  Numen cum teneris virginibùs tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
  In morem Salium, ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
  Jam nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero,
  Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu! Ligurine cur
  Manat rara meas lacruma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
  Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis ego somniis
  Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
  Campi; te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

II. AD ANTONIUM IULUM.

PINDARUM quisquis studet aemulari
Jule, ceratis ope Daedalea

Fashioned; and name will be to sea-tract glassy
Speedily giving.
Like to a river pouring down the mountain,
Which the rains o'er its wonted banks have lifted,
Even so rages, deep-mouthed, rushing onward
Measureless Pindar;
Sure to be gifted with Apollo's laurel,
Whether he roll through daring dithyrambics
Newly-framed phrases, onward borne by numbers
Law disregarding;
Or of gods sing, or kings, of gods the offspring,
Who upon Centaurs merited destruction
Heaped, and by whom of terrible Chimaera
Quenched were the blazes;
Or of steed tell or boxer whom Elean
Palm brings back home, exalted as celestials,
And a reward bestows on them excelling
Hundreds of statues;
Or lamentation makes for youthful lover
Reft from his weeping bride; and unto heaven
Raises his courage, strength, and sterling morals
Cheating black Orcus.
Plentiful airs sustain the swan Dircean
Oft as he soars, Antonius, to lofty
Regions of Cloudland. I in mode and manner
Like to Matinian
Bee, that sweet thyme rifles with mickle labour,
Mid the copsewood and banks of wat'ry Tibur,
In my small way, employ myself composing
Canzonets laboured.

Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.
Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore;
Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis;
Seu deos, regesve canit, deorum
Sanguinem, per quos cecidere justa
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae
Flamma Chimaerae:
Sive quos Elea domum reducit
Palma caelestes, pugilemve equumve
Dicit, et centum potiore signis
Munere donat.
Flebili sponsae juvenemve raptum
Plorat; et vires animumque moresque
Aureos educit in astra nigroque
Invidet Orco.
Multa Dircaeum levat aura cycnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
Nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinae
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

Poet, thyself, of a superior order
Caesar shalt sing, when with the well-earned laurel
Graced, he shall drag along the sacred hillock,
Savage Sicambri:
Greater than whom or better, to the nations,
Have the Fates naught, nor have the good gods given,
Either shall give, e'en though return the golden
Epoch primeval.
Holidays gladsome and the city's public
Games shalt thou sing, hailing the re-appearance
Prayed for of brave Augustus, and the forum
Silent from lawsuits.
Then, of my voice, if aught I say worth hearing,
Added shall good part be, and 'oh! fair morning'
Will I exulting sing, 'oh day praiseworthy,
Bringing back Caesar!'
Nor as thy train moves on, 'Io triumphe!'
Only once will we cry: 'Io triumphe!'
Shall the entire town shout, and to benignant
Gods offer incense.
Thee, will ten bulls and heifers in like number,
Me, a young calf, absolve, which from its mother
Taken, is growing up in ample pastures
Till my vows need him.
He on his brow copies the fiery crescent
Which the new moon displays at her third rising:
There, is blanched too with snowy patch, albeit
Elsewhere all tawny.

Concines majore poëta plectro
Caesarem, quandoque trahet feroces
Per sacrum clivum, merita decorus
Fronde, Sigambros;
Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere bonique divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.
Concines laetosque dies, et Urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu, forumque
Litibus orbum.
Tum meae (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars: et, O Sol
Pulcher, o laudande, canam, recepto
Caesare felix.
Tuque dum procedis, io Triumphe,
Non semel dicemus, io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque divis
Tura benignis.
Te decem tauri totidemque vaccae,
Me tener solvet vitulus relicta
Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis
In mea vota;
Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium lunae referentis ortum,
Qua notam duxit, niveus videri,
Cetera fulvus.

An outburst of exultation at the general approval with which the first three Books of Odes, and the Secular Hymn had been received.

HIM on whose birth, Melpomene,
Thou once hast looked with gentle eye,
Never shall athlete's mastery
In Isthmian conflict glorify.
Him, victor, in Achaian car,
Impetuous horse shall never bear:
In him, no enterprise of war,
Upon the Capitol, shall e'er,
A general wreathed with laurel show,
Who quelled the tumid threats of kings:
But him shall rivulets that flow
Welling from fertile Tibur's springs,
And groves with clustering ringlets hung,
Ennoble with Aeolian strains.
Me, Rome, of cities chief, among
Her favourite bards a place ordains:
And hushed is Envy's mordant tongue.
O Muse who, of my burnished shell
The dulcet clamour temperest,
Who with the swan's sonorous swell
Canst, if thou wilt, mute fish invest,
Wholly thy gift it is that I,
Inventor of the Roman lyre,
Am pointed out by passers by:
Thine that I breathe and please, if I
Indeed do please—thy gift entire!

III.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:
Sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt,
Et spissae nemorum comae,
Fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.
Romae principis urbium
Dignatur suboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros;
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.
O testudinis aureae
Dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum!
Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito praetereuntium
Romanae fidicen lyrae:
Quod spiro, et placeo (si placeo) tuum est.

In B.C. 15 the Vindelici, inhabitants of a district lying between the Danube and the Lake of Constance, and their southern neighbours, the Rhaeti, commenced a series of predatory incursions into Cisalpine Gaul. Augustus, who together with his stepson Tiberius was at that time in Transalpine Gaul, having gone there to oppose the Sicambri, ordered Drusus, younger brother of Tiberius, to proceed against them from Rome, where he was serving the office of Quaestor. Drusus signally defeated the Vindelici, but Augustus nevertheless found it necessary to send Tiberius with more troops to his brother's assistance, and the two together completely subdued the offending tribes, whose territories thereupon became the Roman provinces of Rhaetia Prima and Secunda. In honour of these achievements Horace composed this Ode, and also the 14th of the 4th Book, the one more particularly in praise of Drusus, the other in that of Tiberius.

LIKE as the levin's winged minister
(To whom, found faithful with fair Ganymed,
The sovereign of the gods, great Jupiter,
The kingdom of the roving birds conveyed)
Is by his youth and inborn energy
Forth from his nest to unknown labours sped,
And, when the rains are past, is taught to try
By vernal breezes, unaccustomed things:
Timorous at first, on sheepcotes presently
A keen impetuous enemy he springs;
Nay, urged by lust of feasting and of fight,
Onslaught 'gainst reluctating dragons flings:
Or like as a she-goat with sudden fright,
While browsing on luxuriant pasture, sees
A lion cub, weaned newly, opposite
Armed with young tooth that her death-warrant is:

IV. DRUSI LAUDES.

QUALEM ministrum fulminis alitem
(Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permisit, expertus fidelem
Juppiter in Ganymede flavo)
Olim juventas et patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit inscium,
Vernique, jam nimbis remotis,
Insolitos docuere nisus
Venti paventem: mox in ovilia
Demisit hostem vividus impetus:
Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnae:
Qualemve laetis caprea pascuis
Intenta, fulvae matris ab ubere
Jam lacte depulsum leonem,
Dente novo peritura vidit:

So did the Rhaeti and Vindelici
See Drusus 'neath their Alpine boundaries
Carrying on war. I shrink from asking why
That people's custom through all time has been
The Amazonian axe to brandish high
In the right hand: all things to know were sin.
But when their bands, far and wide conquering,
Conquered by a youth's strategy were seen,
They learnt what mind, what heart beneath the wing
Of fortunate home-nurture may be reared:
What fruit, the youthful Neros tutoring,
Augustus's paternal soul prepared.
Brave men are gendered by the good and brave:
Ever in steers, in horses, has appeared
The courage of the sire: fierce eagles have
Never as progeny unwarlike doves.
Yet do all natures strengthening culture crave,
And learning native energy improves:
Wherever ~~morals~~ do not find a home
Polluting vice the germs of good removes.
What to the Neros is thy debt, oh Rome,
Witness is Metro's stream, and Asdrubal
Vanquished, and that bright day that through the gloom
First smiled on Latium at victory's call;
When, as the flame through pine-forest, or through
Sicilian waves east wind, through Italy's
Pale cities, Africa's dire horseman flew.
With aye successful exploits after this
The Roman youth advanced: temples anew,
Restored from impious Punic ravages,

Videre Raetis bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet, quaerere distuli;
Nec scire fas est omnia. Sed diu
Lateque victrices catervae,
Consiliis juvenis revictae,
Sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Nerones.
Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Virtus: neque imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilae columbam.
Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Indecorant bene nata culpae.
Quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Hasdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,
Qui primus alma risit adorea,
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu flamma per taedas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.
Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, et impio

Their rightful gods received. Outspake at last
Perfidious Hannibal: 'As deer do we,
Meet food for ravening wolves, pursue in haste,
When to escape were utmost victory.
This hardy race, from Troy, by fire laid waste,
After long tossing on the Tuscan main,
Their gods, their sons, their aged fathers led
Hither, to cities of Ausonia's plain:
As doth an oak by ruthless hatchet shred,
On Algid's thickly leaved black forest, gain
E'en from its loss and lopping, and is fed
With strength and spirit by that selfsame steel.
The severed Hydra did not firmlier grow
'Gainst Ercles, grieving o'er his baffled skill:
No greater prodigy did Colchos show,
Neither did Thebes in Echion reveal.
Merged in the deep, they rise with livelier glow:
Encountered, they strike down their conqueror
With plentiful renown, and battles fight
For wives to talk of. Ne'er, as heretofore,
Shall I my boastful envoys expedite
To Carthage. Now, with Asdrubal no more,
Our name's whole hope and fortune take to flight.
Naught is there that the Claudian family
May not achieve. Them Jupiter defends
With grace benign. Prudent sagacity
In war's keen peril upon them attends.'

Vastata Poenorum tumultu
Fana deos habuere rectos.
Dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal;
Cervi, luporum praeda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.
Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuscis aequoribus sacra
Natosque maturosque patres
Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes;
Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per caedes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.
Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem;
Monstrumve submisere Colchi
Majus, Echioniaeve Thebae.
Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit:
Luctere, multa proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem, geretque
Proelia conjugibus loquenda.
Karthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
Spes omnis, et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Hasdrubale interempto.
Nil Claudiae non perficient manus:
Quas et benigno numine Juppiter
Defendit, et curae sagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli.

This was written after the German victories celebrated in odes 4 and 14, and was perhaps sent to Augustus in Gaul, whence he did not return to Rome until two years after setting out on his expedition against the Sicambri. Possibly he may have delayed designedly, because it was his policy to make his absence felt; and it may be that Horace's language represented the sentiments of large numbers at Rome who felt the want of that presiding genius which had brought the city through its long troubles, and given it comparative peace.

Best guardian of the Romulèan race,
Born under gods propitious, from our midst
Absent already for too lengthened space—
Thou to the Senate's sacred council didst
Swift return promise. Now thy course retrace.

Light to thy country, virtuous chief, restore;
For when, like that of spring, thy countenance
Hath shone upon the citizens, with more
Of gracious influence doth the day advance,
A richer brilliance do the sunbeams pour.

As on a stripling, whom the adverse blast
Of the south wind, beyond the watery plain
Of the Carpathian, tarrying there, holds fast,
Nor his loved home permits him to regain
Till more than a full year is overpast—

V. AD AUGUSTUM.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulae
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu:
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto concilio, redi.

Lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae;
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora
Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
Dulçi distinet a domo,

His mother calls with many a prayer and vow
And many an omen, from the curved sea-strand
Withdrawing not her gaze—even so now,
Smitten with loyal longing, fatherland
Bids Caesar here again his presence show.

For the ox safely rambles through the mead:
Ceres and bountiful Prosperity
Are nourishing the land: with wingèd speed
Mariners skim the pirate-cleansèd sea:
Fidelity holds censure's voice in dread.

Adultery ceases the pure home to stain:
Custom and law's enactment have subdued
That foul offence: child-bearing women gain
Applause for babes of right similitude:
Crime and its punishment are co-mates twain.

While Caesar is preserved to us, who fears
The Parthian? or who the shaggy swarm
Of sons that teeming Germany uprears?
Whom does the ice-bound Scythian alarm?
Who heeds that savage Spain in arms appears?

Amid his own familiar hills, each one
In wedlock with the widowed trees unites
The vine; and joying o'er the day's work done,
Returns thence to his wine, and thee invites,
His second course, as deity, to crown.

Votis, ominibusque, et precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem litore demovet:
Sic desideriis icta fidelibus
Quaerit patria Caesarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat:
Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas:
Pacatum volitant per mare navitae:
Culpari metuit Fides:

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:
Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas:
Laudantur simili prole puerperae:
Culpam poena premit comes.

Quis Parthum paveat? quis gelidum Scythen?
Quis, Germania quos horrida parturit
Fetus, incolumi Caesare? quis ferae
Bellum curet Hiberiae?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores:
Hinc ad vina redit laetus, et alteris
Te mensis adhibet deum;

Thee, with abundance of entreaties, he
Pursues, and with libation of pure wine:
And, 'mid his Lares, thy divinity
Places, as mighty Hercules, in line
With Castor, ranks in Grecian memory.

Ah wouldest thou, good chief, on Italy
A long-enduring festal time bestow!
Dry, with the day before us, so say we
When early morning dawns: well-moistened, so
Say, when the sun is underneath the sea.

This reads like a sort of preface to the Secular Ode. Horace begins with thanksgiving to Apollo for having slain Achilles and preserved Aeneas, the originator of the Roman state, and then turns to the chorus and gives them some directions. I hope no critic will be very hard upon me for having, in my desperate need of a dissyllable, devised Teucrum as another name for Troy.

GOD, who wert found by Niobean offspring
Scourge of presumptuous tongues, and by the lustful
Tityus, and him, of Troy almost subduer,
Phthian Achilles:
Soldier, 'mid others best, to thee unequal,
Albeit, born of the sea-goddess Thetis;
He, with redoubted spear assaulting, shivered
Dardan defences.
He as pine-tree stricken by biting hatchet
Or as proud cypress by the east wind levelled,

Te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
Defuso pateris; et Laribus tuum
Miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris
Et magni memor Herculis.

Longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias
Praestes Hesperiae! dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
Cum Sol Oceano subest.

VI. AD APOLLINEM.

DIVE, quem proles Niobea magnae
Vindicem linguae, Tityosque raptor
Sensit, et Trojae prope victor altae
Phthius Achilles,
Ceteris major, tibi miles impar:
Filius quamvis Thetidis marinae
Dardanas turres quateret tremenda
Cuspide pugnax.
Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
Pinus, aut impulsa cupressus Euro,

Fell at full length and in the dust of Teucrum
Laid his proud neck low.
Never would he, pent in the horse pretending
Honour to Pallas, have surprised the Trojans'
Revel ill-timed, and palace-hall of Priam,
Joyous with dancers.
Openly cruel (ah! ah me! the horror),
Babes to Achivan flames had he delivered
To be consumed, yea even babes in mothers'
Bowels still hidden:
Save that by prayers of thine and gentle Venus
Moved was the father of the gods to suffer
That with more kindly auspices Aeneas
Should a new town build.
Lyrist Apollo, ever young Agyieus,
Tuneful Thalia's teacher, who in Xanthus'
River thine hair lav'st, of the Latin muse's
Honour be guardian.
Phoebus to me gave inspiration, Phoebus,
Talent poetic and the name of poet.
Highest-born maidens, youths, ye too, by noble
Fathers begotten,
Wards of the Delian goddess, who the fleeing
Lynxes and nimble stags with bow arresteth,
Mark ye my Lesbic measure and keep time with
That which my thumb beats;
Duly Latona's son alternate hymning,
Duly the waning Night-Illumer's cresset,
Hers who our fruit-trees favours, and revolving
Months hurries headlong.

Procidit late, posuitque collum in
Pulvere Teucro.
Ille non inclusus equo Minervae
Sacra mentito male feriatos
Troas et laetam Priami choreis
Falleret aulam;
Sed palam captis gravis, (heu nefas! heu!)
Nescios fari pueros Achivis
Ureret flammis, etiam latentem
Matris in alvo:
Ni tuis victus Venerisque gratae
Vocibus divom pater annuisset
Rebus Aeneae potiore ductos
Alite muros.
Doctor argutae fidicen Thaliae,
Phoebe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines,
Dauniae defende decus Camenae,
Levis Agyieu.
Spiritum Phoebus mihi, Phoebus artem
Carminis nomenque dedit poëtae.
Virginum primae, puerique claris
Patribus orti,
Deliae tutela deae, fugaces
Lyncas et cervos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium servate pedem meique
Pollicis ictum;
Rite Latonae puerum canentes,
Rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
Prosperam frugum, celeremque pronos
Volvere menses.

Wedded ere long, 'I,' ye will say, 'expert in
Metres adapted by the poet Horace,
At the feast secular, an ode recited
Such as gods welcome.'

If the Torquatus of this ode was the same as he to whom the fifth epistle of the first book was addressed, he was an eloquent advocate, busily engaged in making money, and therefore a very suitable subject for the admonition here offered.

THE snows have fled, and to the meads the grass
Returns, their leafy tresses to the trees:
Earth changes phase: decreasing rivers pass
Again within their wonted boundaries.
The elder Grace, with nymphs and sisters twain,
Naked, fears not the choral dance to lead.
To hope for things immortal, the year's wane,
And hours that hurry on bright day, forbid.
Spring's Zephyrs temper cold: closely on Spring
Treads Summer, she herself about to die
Soon as his fruits comes Autumn lavishing:
And sluggish Winter now again draws nigh.
Quickly revolving moons, indeed, repair
Each skiey lapse: but we, soon as we sink
To where Aeneas pious, Tullus, are
And Ancus rich, to dust and shadow shrink.
Who knows if the supernal gods will add
To this day's span of time to-morrow's share?
All gifts of yours that your own self has had
Are so much saved from gripe of greedy heir.

Nupta jam dices: Ego dis amicum,
Seculo festas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
Vatis Horati.

VII. AD TORQUATUM.

Diffugere nives: redeunt jam gramina campis
Arboribusque comae:
Mutat terra vices; et decrescentia ripas
Flumina praetereunt:
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, et almum
Quae rapit hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris; ver proterit aestas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit; et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae:
Nos, ubi decidimus
Quo pius Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernae crastina summae
Tempora Di superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quae dederis animo.

When once you die, and Minos formally
Shall judgement have pronounced concerning you,
Not lineage, eloquence nor piety,
Torquatus, will your former self renew.
For neither Dian, from Hell's gloom, attains
To rescue continent Hippolytus,
Nor prevails Theseus the Lethean chains
To break of his beloved Pirithous.

Little more is known of Censorinus than may be inferred from this address to him—that he was rich, of good repute, and fond of poetry. At stated times, as on the Calends of January and March, it was a custom with the Romans to make presents to their friends; and Horace referring to this custom sends verses to Censorinus as the most acceptable gift he could offer.

Freely should goblets and fine ware of brass,
Dear Censorinus, to my comrades pass:
I would give tripods which rewarded brave
Greeks: nor should you the meanest presents have,
Provided I in works artistic, which
Parrhasius or Scopas wrought, were rich.
Adepts in stone or liquid colours, they
Would now a man and now a god pourtray.
But no such skill is mine—nor yours, I wis,
Or lack or craving for such luxuries.
In verses you delight, and verses I
Can give, and prove the gift's validity.
Not marbles, graved with public scroll, which breath
And new existence render after death

Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria;
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum:
Nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

VIII. AD CENSORINUM.

DONAREM pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis aera sodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
Graiorum: neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas;
Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
Sed non haec mihi vis: non tibi talium
Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus: carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis

[illegible] swift retreat
[illegible] his threat;
[illegible] Carthage all aflame.
[illegible] who, with name
[illegible] Africa returned,
[illegible] earned
[illegible] you well have do
[illegible] would be the son.
[illegible]
[illegible] of Romulus?
[illegible] their favouring strain,
[illegible] Styx and gain
[illegible] sanctuary.
[illegible] forbids to die:
[illegible] Thus longed-for s
[illegible] meat.
[illegible] glory saves
[illegible] lowest waves.
[illegible] vine-leaved fillet decked,
[illegible] to good effect.

[illegible] Pollius a character the very opp
[illegible] but since notwithstanding h
[illegible] to retain the favour
[illegible] be excused for having bee
[illegible] that sagacious judge of men.

Post mortem ducibus: non celeres fugae,
Rejectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae;
Non incendia Karthaginis impiae,
Ejus qui domita nomen ab Africa
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes quam Calabrae Pierides: neque
Si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliae
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Aeacum
Virtus, et favor, et lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori:
Caelo Musa beat. Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:
Clarum Tyndaridae sidus ab infimis
Quassas eripiunt aequoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

IX. AD MARCUM LOLLIUM.

Ne forte credas interitura, quae
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis.

Not though Maeonian Homer occupy
Chief seat, does Pindar's muse, or Cean lie
Hidden, or sharp Alcaic stave,
Or Stesichorean descant grave.
Neither is aught that erst Anacreon played
Through age extinct; of the Aeolian maid
Still breathes the love, still lives the fire
Committed by her to the lyre.
Others than Spartan Helen may be named
Whom a seducer's lovelocks have enflamed,
Whom retinue and comeliness
Have awed, and gold-embroidered dress.
Not shafts to aim with a Cydonian bow
Was Teucer first. Not only once laid low
Was Troy. Not Sthenelus alone,
Nor great Idomenëus shone
In wars for muses meet. Others before
Valiant Deiphobus and Hector bore
Hard blows in conflict for the lives
Of their young sons and virtuous wives.
Ere Agamemnon many brave as he
Lived, but for lack of poet's eulogy,
Unknown and unlamented, all
Are forced along 'neath night's dark pall.
The grave, 'twixt worth concealed and worthlessness,
Small difference makes. That my mute page suppress
Thy praises will I not endure;
Nor that oblivion's spite obscure,
Unchecked, thy many labours, Lollius.
Thine is a mind of conduct dexterous,

Non, si priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent,
Ceaeque, et Alcaei minaces,
Stesichorique graves Camenae.
Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit aetàs; spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.
Non sola comptos arsit adulteri
Crines, et aurum vestibus illitum
Mirata, regalesque cultus,
Et comites, Helene Lacaena;
Primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
Direxit arcu: non semel Ilios
Vexata: non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus
Dicenda Musis proelia: non ferox
Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves
Excepit ictus pro pudicis
Conjugibus puerisque primus.
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrumabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
Paullum sepultae distat inertiae
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. Est animus tibi

And calm with equal steadfastness
In troublous times and in success;
Punishing fraudful avarice, and from pelf
Abstaining, that draws all things to itself:
Nor Consul thou for one sole year,
But whensoe'er the judge sincere
Prefers the just to the expedient,
And spurning haughtily the offerings sent
By traitors, through opposing swarms
In triumph bears untarnished arms.
Not happy can you him call rightfully,
Of great possessions: rightlier may he
The name of happy take who knows
Wisely to use what heaven bestows,
And patiently grim penury to bear,
And of disgrace than death has greater fear:
Content, if such his destiny,
For friends or fatherland to die.

Here, as also in the first Ode of this Book, I have assumed the person addressed to be a young lady, whose name I have changed into Ligurine, treating however her English name as a four-syllabled word, instead of reducing it, as in the previous case, into a trisyllable.

Oh, still so obdurate, and in the gifts of Venus wealthy,
When o'er your bloom unwished-for plume has crept
with footstep stealthy,

Rerumque prudens, et secundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus;
Vindex avarae fraudis, et abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae:
Consulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum praetulit utili,
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu, per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma.
Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum. Rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque leto flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

X. AD LIGURINEN.

O CRUDELIS adhuc, et Veneris muneribus potens,
Insperata tuae cum veniet pluma superbiae,

And fallen are the ringlets now adown your shoulders
flowing,
And colours, brightlier than the flower of damask roses
glowing,
Exchanged for a bewrinkled face shall, Ligurine, be,
'Ah!' you will cry, as in the glass your other self you see,
'Why, as a girl I felt, do I not feel to-day again?
Or why since thus I feel are not my cheeks the same
as then?'

Does Phyllis here mean anybody in particular? It is not at all unlikely, as some commentator has supposed, that this Ode was sent to Maecenas on his birthday, and was thrown into the form of an address to Phyllis for poetical convenience only.

AMPHORA full of wine from Alban uplands
Past its ninth year I have: and in my garden,
Phyllis, is parsley for entwining garlands,
And, in abundance,
Ivy wherewith, bright girl, to wreathe your tresses:
Silver my dwelling garnishes: the altar,
Bound with chaste vervain, with a lambkin's life-blood
Longs to be sprinkled.
All hands are busied: mixed with one another
Hither and thither lads and lasses running:
Crackles the fire, and from its apex belches
Volumes of smoke-cloud.
That you may know to what you are invited—
What the regale—you are to keep the thirteenth

Et quae nunc humeris involitant, deciderint comae,
Nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae,
Mutatus, Ligurine, in faciem verterit hispidam:
Dices, Heu! (quotiens te speculo videris alterum)
Quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit?
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae?

XI. AD PHYLLIDEM.

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
Est hederae vis
Multa, qua crines religata fulges;
Ridet argento domus; ara castis
Vincta verbenis avet immolato
Spargier agno;
Cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
Cursitant mixtae pueris puellae;
Sordidum flammae trepidant rotantes
Vertice fumum.
Ut tamen noris quibus advoceris
Gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendae,

Day that cleaves April, month to sea-born Venus
Sacred, in sunder.
Day to me solemn and almost more sacred
Than my own birthday; seeing that Maecenas
Reckons from its irradiance his primal
Annual epoch.
Telephus whom you aim at, though a stripling
Not of your grade, is taken with a damsel
Wealthy and wanton, who in welcome fetters
Captive detains him.
Phaëthon's flaming death, from hopes ambitious,
Frights; and winged Pegasus, to bear disdaining
Rider earthborn, Bellerophon, has given
Terrible warning
Ever to follow proper ends and turn from
Match disproportioned, holding it a crime to
Hope for what fate allows you not. So come now,
Last of my dear ones,
(For again ne'er shall I for other woman
Burn,) and with me learn measures which your lovely
Voice may recite. By singing will be lightened
Gloomy forebodings.

Qui dies mensem Veneris marinae
Findit Aprilem;
Jure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
Paene natali proprio, quod ex hac
Luce Maecenas meus adfluentes
Ordinat annos.
Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit,
Non tuae sortis juvenem, puella
Dives et lasciva, tenetque grata
Compede vinctum.
Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
Spes; et exemplum grave praebet ales
Pegasus, terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem,
Semper ut te digna sequare, et ultra
Quam licet sperare nefas putando,
Disparem vites. Age jam, meorum
Finis amorum—
Non enim posthac alia calebo
Femina—condisce modos, amanda
Voce quos reddas; minuentur atrae
Carmine curae.

Whether the Virgil of this Ode was the great epic bard, or one of his relations, or a perfumer or trafficker of some other sort, is a question which successive commentators have earnestly discussed without materially elucidating. I rather incline to the commercial theory; not at all liking to suppose that the concluding portion of the poem can have been applicable to the author of the Georgics and the Aeneid.

The story referred to in the second stanza is very differently told by different writers, and it is not solely for convenience' sake that I follow Doering and Dillenburger in supposing Philomela and not Procne to have been intended by Horace to be represented as the mother and murderess of Itys.

Now do Spring's retinue, light Thracian gales,
Which the sea moderate, distend the sails,
Nor are the meadows stiff with frost, nor now
Roar torrents swollen with the winter's snow.
Now builds her nest, bemoaning piteously
Itys and the eternal infamy
Of Cecrops' house, unhappy Philomel,
Who on foul lust of kings wrought vengeance fell.
Shepherds, upon the tender herbage lolling,
Again upon their pipes are carols trolling,
And the god charm who in the shady heights
Of Arcady, and flocks and herds delights.
The season brings on thirst, but, if you think,
Virgil, of wine at Cales pressed to drink,
Then, client of our young nobility,
With spikenard must you that same liquor buy.
One little box of nard, a stoup from those
Which in Sulpician cellars now repose,

XII. AD VIRGILIUM.

JAM veris comites, quae mare temperant,
Impellunt animae lintea Thraciae;
Jam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt
Hiberna nive turgidi.
Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infelix avis et Cecropiae domus
Aeternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
Regum est ulta libidines.
Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
Custodes ovium carmina fistula,
Delectantque deum cui pecus et nigri
Colles Arcadiae placent.
Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili;
Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina merebere.
Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum
Qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,

Will draw, of new hopes prodigal, nor less
Able to wash away care's bitterness.
To which regale if you would hasten, come
Quick with your wares, for I do not, like some
Rich owner of a well-stocked house, design
To moisten you scot free with cups of mine.
So put aside delay, and lucre's quest,
And, gloomy pyre foreseeing, some slight zest
Of folly mix with prudence while you may:
'Tis pleasant now and then the fool to play.

The late Lord Lytton seems greatly to have admired this effusion. In my humble judgment, its chief interest consists in its showing how coarsely the most polished of Roman poets could write when in a Locksley Hall humour.

LYCE, the gods have listened to my prayer,
Have listened, Lyce: beldam as you are,
Lovely you fain would still appear,
And tope and frisk with shameless leer,
And in your cups in quavering accents ask
For halting Cupid, who prefers to bask
On blooming Chia's damask cheek—
Hers, skilled to make the cithern speak.
For over sapless oaks the teasing child
Passes, and flies away from you, defiled
With teeth emblackened and with brow
Bewrinkled, and with head of snow.

Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax.
Ad quae si properas gaudia, cum tua
Velox merce veni: non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Plena dives ut in domo.
Verum pone moras et studium lucri;
Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
Dulce est desipere in loco.

XIII. AD LYCEN.

Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota, di
Audivere, Lyce: fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri;
Ludisque et bibis impudens,
Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis et
Doctae psallere Chiae
Pulchris excubat in genis.
Importunus enim transvolat aridas
Quercus, et refugit te, quia luridi
Dentes, te quia rugae
Turpant et capitis nives.

No Coan purple can to you restore,
No sparkling jewelry the days of yore
Which once by flitting time within
The public rolls interred have been.
Where has your beauty fled? that hue, ah! where?
And grace of movement? what have you of her,
Of her who, love-inspiring, aye
Could tear me from myself away?
Next after Cinara gifted, was she known
For graciousness of face, but fate upon
My Cinara bestowed scant strip
Of life, intending long to keep
Lyce to match the aged raven's years;
So that, and not without abundant jeers,
Our amorous youth might see to white
Ashes reduced her torch's light.

The Latin superscription of this Ode sufficiently indicates that its real object was the praise of Augustus, to which the part taken by Tiberius, together with Drusus, in the victories over the German tribes, is made subservient. For the circumstances in which it was written, see prefatory note to Ode 4 of this Book.

How shall the senate's or the people's care,
Awarding amplest honours, with decree
Of titles and memorial rolls, declare
Thy virtue's fame throughout eternity,
Oh! thou Augustus, greatest prince of all
Who the illuminating day-star see
Circling around this habitable ball?

Nec Coae referunt jam tibi purpurae,
Nec clari lapides, tempora, quae semel
  Notis condita fastis
    Inclusit volucris dies.
Quo fugit Venus? heu, quove color? decens
Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius,
  Quae spirabat amores,
    Quae me surpuerat mihi?
Felix post Cinaram, notaque et artium
Gratarum facies? Sed Cinarae breves
  Annos fata dederunt,
    Servatura diu parem
Cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi,
  Multo non sine risu,
    Dilapsam in cineres facem.

XIV. AD AUGUSTUM.

Quae cura patrum, quaeve Quiritium,
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
  Auguste, virtutes in aevum
    Per titulos memoresque fastos
Aeternet, o qua sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxime principum?

How far thy martial prowess may attain
Learnt the Vindelici, from Latian thrall
As yet exempt, when latterly amain,
Drusus, thine armament imperial
Conducting, overthrew once and again
The Brenni fleet, Gerauni, restless race,
And castles crowning frightful Alpine heights.
Anon, inspired by thine auspicious grace,
The elder Nero a great battle fights,
And to the restless Rhaetians gives chase.
Splendid, in sooth, to witness how he smites
Those cheerful devotees of liberty
With dire destruction on the embattled plain.
As lashes the south wind the tameless sea
When clouds are cleft by Pleiads' choral chain,
So prompt to charge the banded foe is he:
So through the fiery conflict spurs amain
His eager steeds. Thus ox-shaped Aufid whirls
(Stream, that the realm of Puglian Daunus laves),
As o'er the cultivated fields he hurls
The fearful deluge of his rabid waves.
When the mailed bands of those barbarian churls
Claudius with his impetuous onslaught cleaves,
And mowing van and rear, yet losing none
On his own side, with corpses strews the ground,
Thou troops and counsels lendest, thou thine own
Tutelar gods. For when three lustres round
Had fully run from the same day whereon
Submissive Alexandria was found
Opening to thee her ports and palace lone,

Quem legis expertes Latinae
Vindelici didicere nuper
Quid Marte posses. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Brennosque veloces, et arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis
Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.
Major Neronum mox grave proelium
Commisit, immanesque Raetos
Auspiciis pepulit secundis:
Spectandus in certamine Martio,
Devota morti pectora liberae
Quantis fatigaret ruinis:
Indomitas prope qualis undas
Exercet Auster, Pleïadum choro
Scindente nubes, impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, et frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.
Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni praefluit Apuli,
Cum saevit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris.
Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu,
Primosque et extremos metendo,
Stravit humum sine clade victor;
Te copias te consilium, et tuos
Praebente divos. Nam tibi quo die
Portus Alexandrea supplex
Et vacuam patefecit aulam,

Kind fortune gave thy wars a prosperous end,
And claimed that on thine emprise perfected
Applause and hoped-for honour should attend.
Spaniard till then unconquered, Indian, Mede,
And roaming Scythian, before thee bend
Admiringly, oh thou the guardian dread
Of Italy and dominating Rome!
Thee, Danube, rapid Tigris, mystic Nile
That hides the secret of her infant home;
Thee, monster-breeding sea, that 'gainst the isle
Of distant Britons rolls its deafening foam:
Thee, death-despising Gaul, and Spain erewhile
Unyielding land of hardy sons, obey:
To thee the blood-thirsty Sicambrians,
Dropping their weapons, reverent homage pay.

An appropriate epilogue to the Fourth Book, which is supposed to have been compiled and published by desire of Augustus, mainly for the purpose of giving to the world the Odes celebrating the victories of Drusus and Tiberius, and which, on that supposition, could not conclude better than with an address to the Emperor himself recounting the series of successes whereby he had conferred upon the people the blessings of universal peace.

FAIN had I sung of fights and cities ta'en,
But Phoebus with his lyre rebuked the strain,
Lest my frail bark should take its way
Through Tyrrhene gulf. Caesar, thy sway

Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
  Laudemque et optatum peractis
    Imperiis decus arrogavit.
Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
Medusque, et Indus; te profugus Scythes
  Miratur, o tutela praesens
    Italiae, dominaeque Romae!
Te fontium qui celat origines,
Nilusque, et Ister; te rapidus Tigris;
  Te beluosus qui remotis
    Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis;
Te non paventis funera Galliae,
Duraeque tellus audit Hiberiae:
  Te caede gaudentes Sigambri
    Compositis venerantur armis.

XV. AUGUSTI LAUDES.

Phoebus volentem proelia me loqui
Victas et urbes increpuit lyra,
  Ne parva Tyrrhenum per aequor
    Vela darem. Tua, Caesar, aetas

Renewed abundance on our fields hath rained,
And standards for our Jupiter regained
Torn from proud Parthian colonnade;
And fast the temple-gates hath made
Of Quirine Janus, vacant now of war;
And 'gainst unbridled licence raised a bar
Of ordinances just; and banished crime,
And called back modes of ancient time,
Whereby the Latin name, and Italy's
Strength and renown increased, and outstretched is
The empire's majesty from close
Of westering sun to whence he rose.
While Caesar rules, nor civil fury nor
Force shall against the public quiet war,
Nor hate, which falchions fabricates
And discord sows 'twixt hapless states.
Not they who of deep Danube drink, not Getes
Shall break the edicts which the Julian metes;
Nor Seres, Persians false, nor those
Born hard by where the Tanais flows.
So both on-working and on holy days,
Mid gifts which the vine's jocund god purveys,
After meet prayer to deities,
And with our wives and families,
Let us, as used our sires, the virtuous deeds
Of chiefs, in verses set to Lydian reeds,
And Ilium and Anchises sing,
And them who from boon Venus spring.

Fruges et agris rettulit uberes,
Et signa nostro restituit Jovi
  Derepta Parthorum superbis
    Postibus, et vacuum duellis
Janum Quirini clausit, et ordinem
Rectum evaganti frena licentiae
  Injecit, emovitque culpas,
    Et veteres revocavit artes
Per quas Latinum nomen et Italae
Crevere vires famaque, et imperi
  Porrecta majestas ad ortus
    Solis ab Hesperio cubili.
Custode rerum Caesare, non furor
Civilis aut vis exiget otium,
  Non ira, quae procudit enses
    Et miseras inimicat urbes.
Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt
Edicta rumpent Julia, non Getae,
  Non Seres, infidive Persae,
    Non Tanaïn prope flumen orti.
Nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris,
Inter jocosi munera Liberi,
  Cum prole matronisque nostris,
    Rite deos prius apprecati,
Virtute functos, more patrum, duces
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis,
  Trojamque et Anchisen et almae
    Progeniem Veneris canemus.

SELECT EPODES.

Addressed to Maecenas when preparing for some expedition in which Augustus was about to engage. The terms of affection which Horace here and elsewhere applies to his patron must in these days appear hyperbolical, but we moderns, whose warmest feelings take rather the direction of love, do not readily appreciate the fervour of ancient friendship. That Horace's contemporaries did not suppose him to be exaggerating when saying that he should not survive Maecenas, is proved by the fact that when his own death did actually follow closely on that of Maecenas, he was commonly reported to have committed suicide.

To go, with skiffs Liburnian, you prepare
  Mid floating castles of the foe,
Ready at your own risk, Maecenas dear,
  All Caesar's risks to undergo.
And I, whose life is pleasant the while you
  Survive, but grievous otherwise,
Shall I, as you command, mine ease pursue
  Where, without you, no sweetness lies,
Or bear this travail with what mind befits
  A man not pusillanimous?
Bear it I will, and e'en o'er Alpine steeps,
  Inhospitable Caucasus,
Or to the western main's last cavity,
  Your steps will follow undismayed.
Ask you how, feeble and unwarlike, I
  Your labour's strain with mine can aid?

I. AD MAECENATEM.

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
  Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Caesaris periculum
  Subire, Maecenas, tuo.
Quid nos, quibus te vita sit superstite
  Jucunda, si contra gravis?
Utrumne jussi persequemur otium,
  Non dulce ni tecum simul?
An hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
  Qua ferre non molles viros?
Feremus; et te vel per Alpium juga,
  Inhospitalem et Caucasum,
Vel Occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum,
  Forti sequemur pectore.
Roges, tuum labore quid juvem meo,
  Imbellis ac firmus parum?

Attending you, less fear shall I have then
Which more hold on the absent takes;
Even, as for her unfledged brood the hen
When left, more dreads the gliding snake's
Approach—yet not that of more service she
Could, if still present with them, prove.
Cheerfully, this, yea every war shall be
Engaged in by me for your love;
Not that my ploughs, yoked with more beeves of mine,
Be dragged; or that for pasturing range
My flocks, before the torrid dog-star shine,
Calabria for Lucania exchange;
Not that mine be a marble villa nigh
Steep Tusculum's Circaean wall.
Enough and more has your benignity
Enriched me. Naught, to hide it all
Like miser Chremes under ground, will I
Amass—nor yet to squander wantonly.

Whether a money-getting usurer was precisely the person into whose mouth these praises of a country life should have been placed, may be, and of course has been, questioned. But be this as it may, there is no doubt that the picture painted is a very pleasing one.

Happy is he, who, far from broil
Of traffic, like the earliest race
Of mortals, through ancestral soil,
Unmortgaged, guides his oxen's pace.

Comes minore sum futurus in metu,
Qui major absentes habet;
Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis
Serpentium allapsus timet,
Magis relictis, non, ut adsit, auxili
Latura plus praesentibus.
Libenter hoc et omne militabitur
Bellum in tuae spem gratiae;
Non ut juvencis illigata pluribus
Aratra nitantur mea,
Pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
Lucana mutet pascuis,
Neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi
Circaea tangat moenia.
Satis superque me benignitas tua
Ditavit: haud paravero
Quod aut avarus, ut Chremes, terra premam,
Discinctus aut perdam nepos.

II.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fenore:

He starts not at the trumpet's call,
Nor shudders at the angry sea:
The law-court and patrician's hall
Alike he shuns,—no suit has he.
But, to the poplar tall, for spouse,
He yokes the marriageable vine,
And, pruning off the useless boughs,
Grafts in their place a fruitage fine:
Or, in secluded valley, watches
The lowing herd their pasture choose;
Or, in clean jars, squeezed honey catches,
Or shears the unresisting ewes.
And when, in the ripe fields, appears,
With brow fruit-laden, Autumn's shape,
How he delights to pluck the pears
Of his own growth, or purple grape,
Gifts for thee, Sylvan, thee, Priape!
Sometimes, beneath an old oak's shade,
Sometimes, on the thick grass, he lies,
And, while the clink of the cascade
Joins with the grove's bird melodies,
And tune by purling brooklet played,
Slumber lights gently on his eyes.
But when the stormy months arrive,
Full fraught with wintry snow and sleet,
He and his dogs fierce wild boars drive
Upon strong nets laid opposite;
Or, on light twigs, a meshy snare
He hangs, the greedy thrushes' bane,
And traps, beside, the timid hare,

Neque excitatur classico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare:
Forumque vitat, et superba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos,
Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,
Feliciores inserit:
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges;
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
Aut tondet infirmas oves.
Vel, cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus agris extulit,
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira,
Certantem et uvam purpurae,
Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Silvane, tutor finium!
Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
Modo in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquae;
Queruntur in silvis aves;
Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbres nivesque comparat,
Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane
Apros in obstantes plagas;
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdis edacibus dolos;

Choice prize,—and migratory crane.
Who does not, leading such a life,
Set Love's anxiety at naught?
But if withal, he have a wife
Who for the house and bairns takes thought,—
A faithful Sabine mate, suppose,
Or one embrowned by Daunian sun,—
Who, on the fire, dry billets throws
To cheer him, when, the day's work done,
He comes in tired, and milks the kine,
First penning them in wattled ward,
And, drawing forth last season's wine,
With unbought viands decks the board:
Not oysters, then, from Lucrine meer,
Nor turbot, no, nor sturgeons rare,
If Euxine storms drive any here,
Should I regard as daintier fare.
Not Afric's bird would then, into
My stomach glide more gratefully,
Nor Lydian partridge, than what due
Of fruit, fat olive-trees supply,
Or sorrel, meadow-loving weed,
Or wholesome mallows, or the lamb
Ordained at Terminal feast to bleed,
Of wolf-saved kid. Ah! pleased I am
At such repasts to sit, and see
The pastured sheep returning home,
And weary steers, that o'er the lea,
Dragging the inverted ploughshare, come,
While the farm-servants, at the board

Pavidumque leporem, et advenam laqueo gruem,
Jucunda captat praemia.
Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
Haec inter obliviscitur?!
Quodsi pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domum, atque dulces liberos,
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Apuli,)
Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri:
Claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus,
Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inemptas apparet;
Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
Magisve rhombus, aut scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat mare:
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum,
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi
Malvae salubres corpori,
Vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus,
Vel haedus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves
Videre properantes domum!
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido,

In order placed, and just degrees,
Around the fire, below their lord
Are clustered like a swarm of bees.
After old Alphius thus had spoken,
In language seeming to betoken
A settled purpose to retire
From business, and turn country squire,
At Ides he called in all he'd lent,
But before Calends came and went,
Whatever cash the churl possessed
Was out again at interest.

These verses would seem to have been written during a fit of indigestion brought on by eating garlic.

WITH sacrilegious hand, whoever
His father's aged neck shall sever,
Let him eat garlic, more by far
Noxious than hemlock potions are.
What tough insides those reapers have!
What poison is there so can rave
Beneath my breast? Has viper's blood
So tricked me, with the pot-herbs stewed?
Or has Canidia pawed the food?
Medea, when admiring most
Of the whole Argonautic host
Their handsome chief, with this besmeared
Jason, thereby made more prepared

Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidentes Lares!
Haec ubi, locutus fenerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam;
Quaerit Kalendis ponere.

III. AD MAECENATEM.

PARENTIS olim si quis impia manu
Senile guttur fregerit,
Edit cicutis allium nocentius.
O dura messorum ilia!
Quid hoc veneni saevit in praecordiis?
Num viperinus his cruor
Incoctus herbis me fefellit? An malas
Canidia tractavit dapes?
Ut Argonautas praeter omnes candidum
Medea mirata est ducem,
Ignota tauris illigaturum juga,
Perunxit hoc Iasonem:

The necks of untamed bulls to yoke.
Gifts smeared with this she took to cloak
Her vengeance upon Jason's bride,
Ere on winged serpent thence she hied.
So heavily sidereal haze
Never on parched Apulia weighs.
More furiously his consort's vest
Burned not on stout Alcides' breast.
If ever you are droll enough
Maecenas, to desire such stuff,
Well, then I pray, the girl you love
Back, with her hand, your lips may shove,
And to the couch's edge remove.

XIII

This, like the ninth Ode of the first Book, is a convivial song written in winter.

A FEARFUL storm contracts the sky, and showers of rain and snow
Bring down aerial Jupiter: now ocean, forests now,
Roar with the Thracian north wind: let us, my comrades, seize
The weather's opportunity, and, while still firm our knees,
And it becomes us, let old age smoothen his wrinkled brow.
Wine pressed when my Torquatus held the consulship do thou
Produce: leave talking of aught else: perchance the deity
Will with good turn resettle things. 'Tis pleasant now to be

Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem,
Serpente fugit alite.
Nec tantus unquam siderum insedit vapor
Siticulosae Apuliae:
Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis
Inarsit aestuosius.
At, si quid unquam tale concupiveris,
Jocose Maecenas, precor
Manum puella savio opponat tuo,
Extrema et in sponda cubet.

XIII.

Horrida tempestas caelum contraxit, et imbres
Nivesque deducunt Jovem; nunc mare, nunc siluae
Threïcio Aquilone sonant: rapiamus, amici,
Occasionem de die, dumque virent genua,
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
Tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo.
Cetera mitte loqui: deus haec fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice. Nunc et Achaemenio

Sprinkled with Achaemenian nard, and with Cyllenian lyre
Our bosoms to alleviate of their forebodings dire.
Twas thus that to his stalwart ward the noble Centaur sung:
'Unconquered mortal, boy who hast from goddess Thetis sprung,
The country of Assaracus awaits thee, which divides
Little Scamander's cooling stream, through which swift Simois glides;
Whence thy return the Parcae have severed with stable thread,
Whence homeward ne'er again shall thee thine azure mother lead.
Wherefore do thou with wine and song and pleasant converse there
Drive away every ill that springs from ugly spleenish care.'

This is supposed to have been written B.C. 40, the year after the battle of Philippi, and at the beginning of the Perusian war, when the affairs of both Italy and Horace were in a deplorable condition; he having lost his patrimony, and not having yet been introduced to Maecenas. He was then only twenty-four, and, as Lord Lytton says, 'this Epode has the character of youth both in its defects and its beauties.'

Now yet another age is worn by civil wars away,
And Rome herself with her own strength to ruin rushes on;
Whom neither the Etruscan bands of threatening Porsena,
Nor were the bordering Marsians e'er able to hurl down,

Perfundi nardo juvat, et fide Cyllenea
Levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus:
Nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
'Invicte, mortalis dea nate puer Thetide,
Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
Findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et Simoïs;
Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcae
Rupere; nec mater domum caerula te revehet.
Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
Deformis aegrimoniae dulcibus alloquiis.'

XVI. AD POPULUM ROMANUM.

ALTERA jam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,
Suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit:
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenae manus,

Nor Capua's rival gallantry, nor daring Spartacus,
Nor treacherous Allobroges, caballing, aye, anew:
Whom, too, could never Annibal, to parents odious,
Nor blue-eyed youth of valorous Germania subdue.
'Tis we who shall destroy her, we, doomed sacrilegious race.
Yea! yet again her soil shall be by wild beasts occupied;
Barbarian victor shall, alas! the city's ashes pace,
A horseman with his clattering hoofs smiting her, and aside
Scattering insultingly the bones—ah, horrible to see!—
Of her Quirinus, until then sheltered from wind and sun.
Perchance, the best of you may ask, or ye all generally,
What to avoid such fatal ills were fitting to be done.
Better resolve were none than this: As the Phocean state,
Having accursed all such as might return there evermore,
Fled, and their fields and hearths and homes and temples desolate
Left to be re-inhabited by ravening wolf and boar,
So where our feet may bear us, there to go wherever may
Through billows south wind call us on or south-west pitiless.
Consent ye? or some better plan hath any? Why delay
From taking ship while now we may with favouring auspices?
But first let us, by oath, thus vow, that to come here again
Be sinful, until rocks shall float raised from the lowest deep:
Yet that we homeward set our sails without repugnance when
Po shall his laving waters lift o'er the Matinian steep,

Aemula nec virtus Capuae, nec Spartacus acer,
Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox:
Nec fera caerulea domuit Germania pube,
Parentibusque abominatus Hannibal.
Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis aetas;
Ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.
Barbarus, heu! cineres insistet victor, et Urbem
Eques sonante verberabit ungula,
Quaeque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
Nefas videre! dissipabit insolens.
Forte, quid expediat, communiter, aut melior pars,
Malis carere quaeritis laboribus.
Nulla sit hac potior sententia: Phocaeorum
Velut profugit exsecrata civitas
Agros atque Lares patrios, habitandaque fana
Apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
Sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere?—Secunda
Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
Sed juremus in haec: Simul imis saxa renarint
Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;
Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina,

And onward shall to ocean rush the lofty Apennine,
And marvellous concupiscence and novel hankerings pair
Brute beasts: the tiger yearn to be the roebuck's concubine,
And with the hawk the turtle-dove be joint adulterer:
From tawny lion trustful kine no more in terror start,
And the salt sea's expanse become the soft-haired ram's delight.
This having sworn, and what else may from sweet return dispart,
Let us, let the whole commonwealth, with one accord take flight,
Or such of us as better are than untaught clowns, and let
The hopeless and effeminate hold this ill-omened nest.
But ye of manly heart, away with womanly regret;
Beyond Etruscan sea-board be your wingèd course addressed.
Us, ocean's circumambient stream awaits: let us the fields
Go forth to seek—those blessed fields, and those rich islands where
An untilled soil its yearly growth of grain Cererian yields,
And unpruned vineyards constantly luxuriant clusters bear,
And the unfailing olive-branch buds ever, and distills
Honey from hollow ilexes, and purple figs withal
Decorate their parental tree, and limpid crystal rills
With lightly tripping, tinkling feet, leap from the mountains tall.
There to the milk-pails the she-goats without a bidding come,
An amicable flock, and their distended udders bear.

In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus,
Novaque monstra junxerit libidine
Mirus amor, juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
Adulteretur et columba miluo,
Credula nec ravos timeant armenta leones,
Ametque salsa levis hircus aequora.
Haec et quae poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
Eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
Aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.
Vos quibus est virtus muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca praeter et volate litora.
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata
Petamus arva divites et insulas,
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
Et imputata floret usque vinea,
Germinat et nunquam fallentis termes olivae,
Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
Mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
Levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
Illic injussae veniunt ad mulctra capellae,

Not there does bear at eventide around the sheepfold roam,
Nor does the ground with hillocks swell where vipers have their lair.
More yet shall we with joy admire, how neither watery
South wind with over-copious showers the plough-land devastates,
Nor are the sappy germs burnt up by earth's aridity:
Each of the two extremes, the king of heaven moderates.
Argonaut rowers hither ne'er their bark essayed to steer;
Here the lascivious Colchian's foot was never known to tread;
Sidonian navigators ne'er their sailyards pointed here,
Nor that laborious company whom erst Ulysses led.
No murrains persecute the herd, no constellations dart
Down fervours which consume the flock with their ungoverned rage.
Jupiter for a pious race those islands set apart,
When with a brass admixture he alloyed the golden age;
With brass, then iron, hardening the ages; whence to fly
Shall for the good be pathway safe—such is my prophecy.

Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;
Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
Neque intumescit alta viperis humus.
Pluraque felices mirabimur; ut neque largis
Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
Pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glebis,
Utrumque rege temperante caelitum.
Non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem;
Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautae,
Laboriosa nec cohors Ulixei.
Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
Gregem aestuosa torret impotentia.
Juppiter illa piae secrevit litora genti,
Ut inquinavit aere tempus aureum;
Aere, dehinc ferro duravit saecula: quorum
Piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

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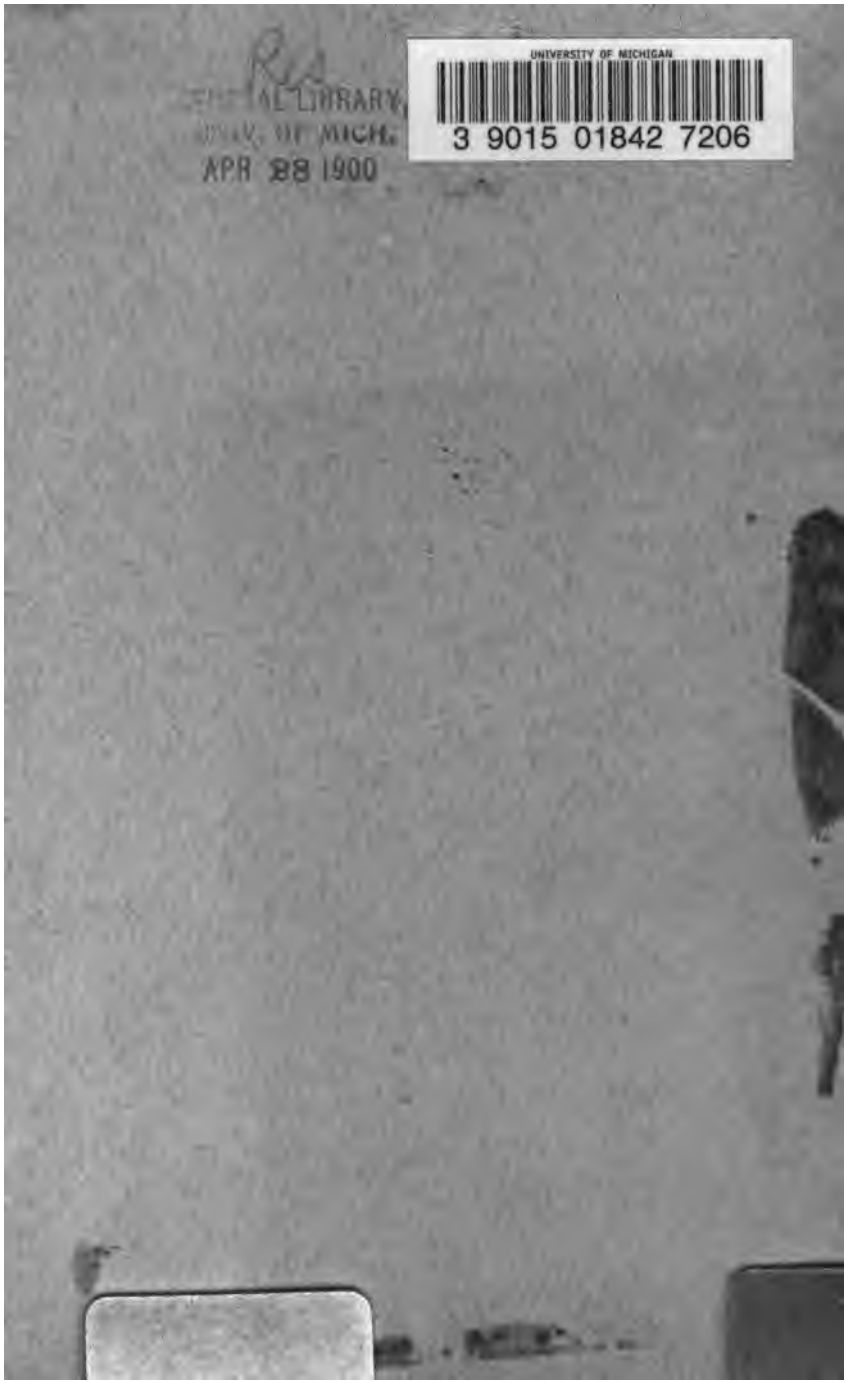
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